THE COMMONWEAL

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A RIGHT HONORABLE DISSENTER

OSCAR WILDE was always a hopeful person, but he probably never dreamed of writing a slogan for a political campaign. Yet there could not be a more useful maxim during the present conflict than "the importance of being earnest." Political traditions and personal habits ought in no way to obscure the fact that the American people are asking themselves a very important question. This can be restated here in a few words: Shall we continue to get good government? Neither of the rival parties has the answer sewed up in its pocket. It is not immediately dependent upon the candidates, both of whom are men of sterling character and notable civic achievement. The whole matter hinges upon the will of the electorate, which must awaken to grave changes that have steadily been altering the nature of public opinion.

During nearly fifty years, major political organizations in the United States retained a definite geographical color. Republicanism was the expression of the industrial North; Democracy always drew sustenance from the agricultural South. Of course there was a great divergence of opinion inside both eras, most of which had its origin in city and state politics, though one must also reckon with recurrent agrarian movements. But now it has become wholly clear that the ancient alignment has crumbled. The tariff is no longer an issue. The great rural dissatisfactions of our time have their seat in the normally Republican West. Democracy's standard-bearer is a son of the metropolis and spokesman for an old and popular political society. Inside national party lines, men disagree widely regarding even the most fundamental issues. All this throws a new burden upon the electorate. Over and above questions of theoretical and legal significance, there rises the great problem as to how to govern wisely and well. Here the attention of the nation must focus undeviatingly.

Realization of this fact is to some extent responsible for the activity which non-political organizations have displayed with regard to government during recent years. The Protestant churches in particular have made a determined effort to use federal authority for moral purposes. In numerous communities, too, "campaigns" of various types have been waged by groups predominatingly religious in character. City, state and town have witnessed a remarkable display of moral fervor, all of which has reached its highest point in the triumph of the Anti-saloon League. We know that many Catholics have joined this crusade and still support it. Independent social workers have likewise aided it. But the essential impulse is the same revivalistic spirit which, after the Revolutionary War,

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led the attack upon deism and had a profound influence upon the quality of American life. In several respects this whole movement is deserving of admiration and sympathy, but one regretfully feels that in essence it has been mistaken.

To begin with, it has weakened rather than strengthened the governmental instrument. America cannot, as yet, afford to dispense with political parties, which assure the public that two sides of every vital issue will be defended and that correctives for malpractice will be sought. But the "moral campaign," which has borne fruit in the Eighteenth Amendment, is utterly corrosive of party solidarity. We are, therefore, face to face just now with a grotesque spectacle: the dry South, perennially Democratic, is asked to vote for a candidate who knows better than any statesman before his time how to phrase the northern, urban demand for modification; and the industrial North, traditionally Republican, is listening to Mr. Hoover declare that any attempt to modify the dry law would be treasonable "nullification."

Furthermore—and this point is of crucial significance—the "moral campaign" has forced the federal government into an impasse. The value of a law is equivalent to the amount of it that can be translated into practice. Legislation does not exist in order to plunge people into jail; its function, being an ordinance of the reason, is to foster the public welfare. Of these various platitudes Volsteadism is a complete denial. Here is a plan drawn up by earnest folk ignorant of the nature of American statecraft and indifferent toward actual conditions. For, even if the evidence regarding the failure of prohibition to curb the use of liquor were not so vast and overwhelming, logic would suffice to prove the whole business a farce. A militant majority must enforce laws as well as pass them; and it has long since been evident that prohibitionists are not a majority in many places. Efforts to prevail regardless of this fact create the feeling that authority is an unjust intruder, to be ridiculed and scoffed at to the best of one's ability. And as a result you get contempt for law, for the constitution, for all government.

For having called the attention of Republicans to these facts we commend Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, whose letter to the New York Times on this subject is too well known to need repetition. What is interesting at this time is the cargo of comment which seems to have followed the frank protest of a man who voices the point of view of his community and his social group as realistically as anyone could. Some of the anonymous messages received by Dr. Butler have been published. In them one finds repeated over and over again the charge of "Rum and Romanism" which decent citizens had hoped would be barred from this campaign. At this we look with a smile until we recall the maxim unintentionally supplied by Oscar Wilde.

It is a serious matter that the "moral campaign" should have developed an attitude of intense hostility toward the Catholic body. Years ago, when outbursts of wrath concerning divers manifestations of Catholic life threw communities into a turmoil, there was no reason to fear that government was in danger. But today this country cannot live peacefully and normally while this type of indignation runs high. The numerical strength of Catholics—their distribution through important industrial centres, their power as representatives of public opinion—is one thing perhaps relatively unimportant. The Church is the teacher of a morality and a religion wholly Christian in character; it is an educational and beneficent force, operating through a multitude of schools, hospitals and places of refuge; it is, in the truest sense of the term, an example. How can any "moral campaign" succeed which takes for one of its chief objectives antagonism to that Church and its effort?

We ask this question because we believe there is still time for earnest Protestant leaders to weigh it carefully. To them we say that every Catholic familiar with the history of America is grateful to the "revival" which conserved so much of goodness and faith for the common people during an era of change. We declare with the utmost cheerfulness that Protestant Christianity has done much to encourage virtuous living and charitable activity. But we will maintain with as much vigor as we possess that our title to a place in the nation is as good as theirs—that we have done, as generously as we have known how, our bit for the United States. And possibly, if calm reflection could prevail for a time, all of us would see that even the hope for morals lies not in the law (about which the Saviour made not a few pertinent remarks) but in the sacred rule of charity and mercy, of righteousness and peace.

Because good government has for its chief purpose the promotion of the general welfare, it is necessarily committed to allaying strife between the component members of society. There is no reason why hatred should prevail between American Catholics and their neighbors; there is every need for coöperation and mutual affection. If the present campaign convinces us all a little more deeply of this last truth it will mark an epoch in the development of social sanity among us. But if, which God forbid, a frenzy of suspicion and spite reaches a detestable height by November, a gulf will rend the future for years to come, dividing national solidarity and wreaking havoc of the soul. That is why right honorable dissenters like Dr. Butler are precious in the eyes of God and country. The President of Columbia may have his faults and would himself, no doubt, be willing to concede that he has made mistakes. It is wholly evident, however, that his diagnosis of intolerance, arrived at and expounded during a dozen years, is correct—that America is genuinely imperiled by a crusade which, honest and helpful though it be in many ways, has put on garments strangely reminiscent of Islam and no less oddly forgetful of the temperament of western man.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

SENATOR ROBINSON, who accepted the nomination for Vice-President on August 30, is a good and graceful orator, but he added little to materials of the campaign. So far as the observer can see, Democratic and Republican pronouncements on agriculture differ very little. After the Senator had painstakingly summarized the two positions in parallel columns, the similarity became more evident than it had ever before been. He was vastly more interesting on the subject of prohibition, giving as he did a most dexterous exhibit of how an apostle of drought can absorb the clear-cut declarations of Governor Smith. "To one who for twenty-five years has uniformly supported measures for prohibition," he said, "it has been disappointing to note the methods and agencies employed by the Republican party in the enforcement of national prohibition laws." Democracy, he hoped, would now soon proceed to remedy this inefficiency. But really, though nobody could entertain a deeper regard for Governor Smith than we have long since felt, it is exceedingly difficult to visualize him as a wet-and-dry Janus—as a man who, on the one hand, will bend all his energies to rendering the nation deadly to bootleggers and on the other hand will advocate legislative modifications calculated to give the Anti-saloon League a series of nightmares. We may be unable to get at the deeper meanings of political oratory, but unless all signs are misleading, the issue before the American people is how much of the Eighteenth Amendment it wishes to retain. Mr. Smith, for his part, has been frank.

MR. SILAS BENT, writing in Harper's Magazine, takes the press to task for its selection and suppression of news. "International window-smashing," a simile adapted from Bismarck, is the practice which the author most deplores, declaring that in "the American press today we find that the formula which governs news selection and presentation makes for disturbance of the peace. . . . The greater volume of international news which our press has carried since the world war is less likely to act as a guarantee of friendliness than as a threat of ill temper." This he attributes to the circulation-building value of items rich in elements of conflict. Such a criterion evidently was not used, however, in the rejection of Mr. Michael Williams's interview with Pope Pius, for surely here was an important pronouncement which revealed "the worst persecution ever known" and involved conflict on a gigantic scale. Mr. Bent admits this incident lies outside the range of his theory but to be exact he should have allowed the press several measuring sticks for the acceptance or suppression of news. Not the most used but the one whose gradations are most studiously watched is that of religious prejudice, which operated in both the case of the papal interview and the remarkable letter Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote on the subject to Mr. Williams.

THIS criticism is not meant to detract from the soundness of Mr. Bent's argument. By playing up to the truculent statements of some of our more blatant "patriots" and isolationists, our press indubitably aids in the creation of an American hostility toward other nations. Although not as quick to respond to governmental wishes as the British press—the sudden dropping of all news about the Anglo-French accord by British papers could never be paralleled in this country—our press does concede to Washington a distinct function in the coloring of news. The procedure adopted toward Nicaragua, Haiti and Mexico makes this most apparent. Frequently the editorial writers of a journal fulminate against a certain policy but its news columns are meanwhile crammed with accounts, which, potently even though implicitly, approve that policy. The discrepancy between the editorial and the news desk has even been hailed by many journalists as proud testimony of fairness. This may be true. Nevertheless, since the physical limitations of a paper require fine sieving of all news articles, fairness can only result if some proportionate balance be maintained in presenting both sides of a disputed question.

WE INVITE our readers to give especial attention to the article which Mr. Flewyllen Saunders has contributed to this issue of The Commonweal. Here is a common-sense reaction to that muzzling of the press in Mexico which, unconstitutional though it is, has been one of the most effective instruments employed by President Calles in his attack upon the

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Church. Few things could be more extraordinary than the failure, on the part of many Americans, to realize the seriousness of garbled reports about Mexican affairs. What Mr. Saunders has to say contrasts strangely with an account of the situation contributed to Editor and Publisher by Tom Wallace, of the Louisville Times. Mr. Wallace concedes that it is rather difficult to write news and remain in Mexico, but nevertheless concludes: "When American newspaper readers find Mexican news less explanatory, or less sensational than they believe it should be, it is because they don't know Mexico and not because of any defect in the service American papers are getting." We believe that there are some first-rate American correspondents round about Chapultepec Castle, but why put the blame for muddled despatches upon the "ignorance" of the American reader? There is a specific locality where that stigma ought to perch. This Mr. Saunders pungently describes.

LATE summer has become the convention season. Theoretically at least the weather is suitable, and the orators have been able to dispose of their vacations with the proper leisure. Of course there is a still better reason for thus arranging the convention dates: the impetus supplied by the common meeting gives the new year ahead the benefit of accumulated earnestness and knowledge. A case in point is the recent Cleveland convention of the Knights of Columbus. Practical enterprises of the greatest significance were projected and described. The "campaign of information" regarding the situation in Mexico will be continued, and one cannot doubt that in the end it will prevail against error and indifference. More energy will be devoted than ever before to the conduct of boy guidance, and to promoting the retreat habit among laymen. Here are two methods admirably fitted to promote the real purposes of the order. Such evidences of civic and religious good work do not suffice, however, to convince the bigoted ignorant that Knights of Columbus are not modern reincarnations of the Medici poisoners. Copies of the "fake oath," long since exposed to the full light of publicity, continue to circulate among people so desperately benighted that their illumination by ordinary methods must be despaired of. The order has therefore decided to prosecute vendors of the fake, thus helping to make the world less safe for the moronic.

ADVANCEMENT of the intellectual life has been a matter of primary concern to members of the National Federation of Catholic Alumnae during many years. The organization began with an attempt to interest girl graduates in the betterment and growth of their various alma maters. Today it is really a chain welding thousands of women together for their own welfare and for activity in common. This year's meeting, held at Niagara Falls, revealed most clearly the full scope of the Federation. It has been studying very carefully the problems raised by the exceedingly complex modern educational situation, profiting by guidance from such eminent leaders as Monsignor Edward A. Pace. We are glad to see that the scholarship fund is growing and bearing fruit; that active local groups are devoting attention to specific situations; and that the number of women in the ranks is steadily increasing. Nor can one desist from applauding the general cultural program, which devotes the limelight to literature. It is becoming more and more evident that the reading public must be termed feminine, so that whatever hopes one entertains for a "scribblers' renaissance" from the Catholic point of view, depend upon the attitude of the Misses So-and-So, graduates and patrons of the writer's art.

THE National Catholic Rural Life Conference is scheduled to meet at Atchison, Kansas, on September 26. What the farmer is doing—or hopes to do in the immediate future—is a question which the nation has been considering with something like bated breath. The Rural Life Conference does not profess ability to dispose of the whole query in one lump, as a legendary fat boy used to take care of Easter eggs. Its program is really divided into four parts, all of which are suggested by traditional social work among farmers. First comes a discussion of coöperative effort, which experienced men like Mr. A. J. McGuire, one of the leading creamery managers in the United States, will explain in a common-sense way. There follows an examination of the rural educational system from diverse aspects—how it can be adjusted to its environment, how it can be made to perform a religious function, especially during vacation time, and how it can aid the work of general social improvement. This leads naturally to the consideration of other cultural factors, notably to the home and its possibilities as a human institution. Finally some earnest reflections upon the advancement of the spiritual life will be in order. One hopes this program will arouse the deepest and widest kind of interest, and that it will prepare the way for a genuinely triumphant advance.

ONLY a word from the party's presidential candidate was necessary to prevent the selection of H. Edwin Machold as state chairman of the New York Republican party. None was forthcoming from Mr. Hoover, who, according to most recent despatches from Washington, will not be prone to discuss his affairs in public. Consequently Mr. Machold, an ancient last-ditch foe of Governor Smith, took office almost simultaneously with the act of shedding his power trust position. Unquestionably the Democrats of the state will be prompt to make political hay of his very recent association but the Machold ascendancy transcends state bounds and becomes indicative of Republican policy on the whole power-control situation. It will be remembered that Senator Hiram Johnson boldly forced Mr. Hoover, while in Cali-

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fornia, into a declaration on Boulder Dam, which, once the candidate had crossed into Arizona, he took some pains to elaborate. The tacit approval of Machold is, of course, analogous with his position in regard to the President's appointment of Roy O. West, who succeeds to the Secretaryship of Commerce. Despite Governor Smith's crystalline statements on both Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals, Mr. Hoover has not said, and probably never will say before election, anything startling on the only national issue, excepting the farmers' problem, which he has publicly mentioned since his acceptance speech.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, is a busy and well-behaved little city, where church bells galore summon the faithful to worship. It must nevertheless have been disturbing to the Reverend John Roach Straton to receive from the mayor of such a community an epistle enshrining a most extraordinary request. Dr. Straton, as all of us remember, had announced that the rain which descended upon the day when Governor Smith's speech of acceptance was delivered (and which did spoil the affair for many visitors and listeners-in) came in response to prayer. Referring to himself, in all humility, as the "modern Elijah," the embattled pastor left one to dream over the numerous other things that might follow in the wake of his petitions. The mayor of Stamford was therefore moved to write: "Some of the boys up here are very anxious to go on their vacations and would like to know whether or not you have arranged to have the rain turned off long enough for them to enjoy pleasant weather, or whether or not once you get the rain turned on you can get it turned off again." Mayor Phillips, forced to endure eight days of downpour, might well be worried lest the reverend custodian of showers had lost control of the nozzle.

THE palm for political simplicity must undoubtedly be awarded to certain distressed southern politicians who of late have been bemoaning what they say is the fact that only by allowing the colored brother to vote can they be sure of holding Dixie in the Democratic ranks in November. Theirs is truly a predicament to excite pity. Having, in preconvention days, declaimed loudly against the Democratic nominee for his alleged "nullificationist" tendencies, they are now pained to find that some of their remarks were taken seriously. One prominent southern politician, after mourning defections from the Democratic banner, said recently: "We could carry every southern state without a doubt if we would let the niggers vote. They all want to vote for him but we won't do business with them." Thus, having alienated some white voters by their nonsense about nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, these paragons of consistency complain that their own party's success can be insured only by suspending nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is very sad, if true.

LITURGY AND LIFE

WHATEVER our vision of heaven may be, it is not of a place where we shall dwell alone. The Apocalypse describes the one hundred and forty-four thousand who walk, a glorious company, before the Lamb. Dante's Paradise is a society so closely interwoven in God that separation of one from another is impossible. Even the hermits are in the midst of the throng of saints. From Saint Augustine to Joseph de Maistre, Christian souls have constantly and instinctively returned to the truth that humanity as a whole retains a native spiritual solidarity. And if that be our destiny—prefigured in all our attempts to organize an earthly society—it is obvious that one labor of the Church is to prepare us for that profound art of living together which is expressed in the term "communion of saints." In other words, the Catholic form of prayer and expression is liturgical. But after all, in general and in detail, what is the liturgy?

One of the best brief answers to this query has been given by Dom Germain Morin in a recent paper which is receiving a wide reading in France and Germany. He says, to begin with, that the liturgy is a mirror of doctrine and belief. "It is unrestrained self-expression by the Church of her nature and faith," engaging by its utter frankness the respect of those who stand apart. Seen from such a point of view, liturgical instruction is the best and most complete ever formulated by the Catholic body. But this code, continues the learned Benedictine, is not in the least like a text-book: "Though the liturgy remains essentially the same, it changes, adapts and develops in conformity with the needs and legitimate aspirations of varying epochs." The constant increase of feasts and observances, of rites and devotions, is indeed astonishing to anybody who follows the story carefully. Finally the splendor of divine service, in which all the arts of man are dedicated to a noble purpose, shows clearly how remote the inspiration of the liturgy is from a formula or philosophic doctrine and how admirably it exemplifies the Thomistic saying that "grace addeth unto nature."

How can the whole of this great treasure be associated more intimately with the faithful than is now the case? On this point our author does not hesitate to speak clearly and emphatically. All realize, he says, that understanding of the liturgy has been preserved best in Latin countries, to which the language of the Church is relatively familiar. A people which follows the "divine drama" should fasten eye and ear upon it; should even, when circumstances permit, lift its voice in prayer and praise. Therefore Dom Guéranger did not hesitate to say that "translations of the liturgy lead ultimately to the separation of the faithful from public prayer." To assist at Mass by reading a book is really not different from conversing with a guest by perusing one's favorite author.

Dom Morin therefore ventures to express his opinion in a manner which, far from offending anyone,

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should give rise to much reflection. No one can question the august character of the diction employed by the Church—Latin consecrated by the progress of spiritual history and suggestive, even from the purely formal point of view, of the holiness of the Faith. But "could we not gradually succeed in distinguishing between the different elements of which the present liturgy is composed?" Essentially the Mass consists of a Canon and some attendant prayers intended for the celebrant alone, and of other portions (Introit, Kyrie, Communion and the rest) designed to allow public participation in the worship of God. "Who then could object," our author asks, "if under favorable conditions those parts of the office which are intended for the people were voiced in the only language which this people can understand—its mother tongue?" This would not mean, we are asked to bear in mind, "the singing of any kind of hymn" (as is now so often actually the practice) but the reëxpressing in worthy speech of the substance of appropriate liturgical texts. Dom Morin does not favor (wisely, we think) translations, and admits that the task would be difficult. But he is sure that Rome would be able to control the process and that tradition vouches for its legitimacy.

The subject is of especial interest to the layman, not because he entertains the slightest desire to modify ecclesiastical life but because he wishes to participate in that life as fully as is possible. No one who has brought a knowledge of Latin to bear upon the study of the liturgy doubts the great and goodly change it wrought in his attitude toward church-going; and quite naturally he will wish that, some time and somehow, a similar benefit may be placed within reach of those for whom the speech of eternal Rome must forever remain a prize beyond their reach. Perhaps Dom Morin has pointed out the way. Those who wish to read his remarks in their entirety are urged to obtain a copy of Hochland, the Munich review, for June.

MR. KELLOGG SIGNS

IN MANY respects Mr. Kellogg, as he sat affixing his signature to the pact of Paris, was resolutely picking up a thread. When the great war had ended and the nations met to outlaw international conflict forevermore, the United States withdrew from the enterprise. Popular unwillingness to become entangled in the affairs of Europe gave an overwhelming negative to Mr. Wilson's proposals. Millions of citizens resented the fact that the A. E. F. was ever authorized, and desired above all to prevent such occurrences in the future. Grant that this was a display of necessary selfishness. The fact remains that our country retreated from a laudable and concerted effort to rid the world of calamities such as had descended in 1914.

Mr. Kellogg has now made possible resumption of this effort. It is true that the pact now signed differs radically from the practical machinery advocated by Mr. Wilson. There is no provision for guaranteeing the stability of the treaty. War is renounced by fifteen major nations as an instrument of policy—is unconditionally relegated to the scrap heap of worn-out horrors. In the final analysis, however, the language of the agreement does not differ materially, either in content or in effectiveness, from the oratory of M. Briand. Both things indicate that the human race is genuinely tired of international butchery. The spectre of bankruptcy will continue for a long time to haunt statesmen entrusted with the conduct of public affairs. Peace has become a practical necessity to a universe which realizes the fragility of industrial wheels. But are we nearer to solving the problems from which wars arise?

Possibly there has been one important advance. European conflicts have been caused, in large measure, by struggles for the balance of power. Today Europe understands that the contour of the world has changed. Markets and money are so distributed that it is quite as important to gain the good-will of America as to win the friendship of Britain. Washington has become a silent partner to every consolidation of national authority. Our rôle in Europe is of exceedingly great practical importance, particularly since the problem of financing has become so acute. The Kellogg treaty defines the attitude of the United States toward all the signatory nations. It says firmly that we are resolutely opposed to entering into any sort of agreement for aggressive purposes, but that friendship with us is dependent upon willingness to employ reason as the great international influence.

It is less likely than it ever was before in history that a European power of importance will resort to war without bearing in mind the attitude of the United States. An "if" more or less inescapable must now precede every order to mobilize. We are thus in a position to give the old world the peculiar advantages latent in our geographical situation—for our borders are never threatened and no neighbor yearns to enlarge his territory at our expense. Peace is not our virtue but our opportunity. It is quite possible, however, that it should develop into a genuine virtue if, following the lead of the pact of Paris, we convince the world that a nation of free men can live without imperialistic ambitions or martial temptations.

Meanwhile the following words by Sir Austen Chamberlain deserve attention: "None of us is able to tell precisely what this treaty will mean to the future. Its significance may, perhaps, be large, perhaps small, but the mere fact that it has been proposed is a sign of the times. . . . The treaties of Locarno did not accomplish everything which official oratory predicted, but they did modify the European situation. They did foster amicable relationships between Germany and her ancient foes. They did add patently to the guarantees of peace. Something like the same result will, it seems to me, accrue from the proposals made by Secretary Kellogg." At any rate, who in our time would advocate taking the direction opposite to that which the pact of Paris has followed?

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THE TYROL

By FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS

(The following discussion of the situation in the Tyrol is written by a distinguished Austrian. We believe it is eminently fair, but it should not be read as an expression of our own attitude.—The Editors.)

MOUNTAIN range on mountain range: their slopes covered with woods so steep that the trees which cost hard work to fell in summer can only be brought down in winter on sledges which run down ice-channels at a terrible speed. From bend to bend, from tree trunk to tree trunk, from boulder to boulder death lurks. Here and there where the slope is less steep and the forest opens out a little, there are solitary farms perched between heaven and earth; the snow which falls early in the autumn and only melts late in spring cuts them off entirely, and the dead often lie for months in their coffins before they can be laid to rest in consecrated ground. The peasants have to pull themselves up by ropes while working at their barren fields. Where the woods cease below the walls of rock are the juicy mountain pastures; if the cattle lose themselves among the lofty heights, it is often a matter of life and death for the herdsman who must fetch them down. And above the rocky heights the boundless kingdom of the glaciers, in flowing ermine mantle, holds its sway; verily set there by God, the only thing to which this land of rocks must give way. Resigned to its fury when it thunders down in destructive torrents, blessing its life-giving bounty when its gay streams water the narrow valleys and make them fruitful, what do the people care what becomes of the streams beyond the mountains among which they have settled and lived for nearly two thousand years?

The streams water their meadows; on their banks they have built their quaint villages round the churches whose spires, pointing to heaven, remind them where to take their earthly troubles; their valley and the sky above—that is their world!

But they know that beyond their mountains in the next valley another stream rushes; for sometimes they climb up to the mountain ridge and down the other side to the neighboring market town to take part in the prize-shooting matches or perhaps to fetch home some peasant girl as housewife.

And where the streams flow together in a broader valley there lies a town, venerably old and cheerful too, especially when the flags are flying from the gables and the burghers, shrewd, capable, simple and nature-bound, shout their welcome to their brothers from the neighboring valleys, in the gay costumes of their forefathers as they come marching along shouldering their faithful rifles. Tattered banners covered with glory wave before them or heavy crosses which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers held sacred are carried in front of them. And at last they reach the place of glory on Mount Isel, and stand, strong and proud, like the walls of rock about them, round the bronze statue of their hero, Andreas Hofer—the peasant-commander who drove the golden eagles of Napoleon, the conqueror of the world, from out the eyries of the mountain eagles, and then humbly dedicated their fatherland to the heart of Jesus. . . . Now the bell tinkles before the field altar, the flags are lowered, the salute is fired and reverberates through the clear mountain air; devoutly the thousand valiant men sink on their knees; with sinewy fists they beat their steely breasts: Sacred Heart of Jesus, shield our native land.

And then a slender old man with a snow-white beard, dressed in a plain shooting-jacket, came among them. He had come to their festival from Vienna, which for the most part they did not care for particularly; it was too soft, too voluble, and its gay and lively amiability—that mosaic of culture of the old capital—was strange and uncongenial to their reserved natures. And then it was so far away, too—in the middle of the world, and what did they care about the world beyond their mountains? But the slender old gentleman with the snow-white beard who came among them, and in the incomparable refinement of his simplicity spoke to them like one of themselves, curtly, wisely, without sentiment, yet kindly, him they liked: the emperor, their sovereign, descendant of that Duke Frederick who had made the peasants free men in their own country six hundred years before. And with shouts of joy they threw their hats up into the air, the broad ones and the pointed ones, the green ones and the brown ones, those with the mountain-cock feathers in them and those with the tuft of eagles' down, just as they were prescribed by the old customs in the different valleys; and they felt, these men who were cut off from each other in different valleys, that they were a united, strong people: united in their religion, united in their history, united in their freedom, their loyalty, the hardness of their lives, the powerful love of their mountain-world. That was the Tyrol.

Mountain range after mountain range. On every hand narrow valleys and on every hand rushing streams: what do the men on their banks care whither they are flowing? They are flowing further and further away in the distance, to strange countries; but here, among their mountains, they belong to them. Mountain range after mountain range, more gentle slopes, hills and then laughing, sun-bathed plains and wide rivers. Different people here, sun-browned and lively; another language, another country—Italy.

Where was the boundary—the boundary drawn by nature or at least by history which had almost become

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second nature? Was it there where the main valley dwindles to such a narrow cleft that the river and the dizzy highroad can scarcely slip through below the castle of Palurn, and then widens again into a broad basin, and the people understand two languages and the races have been mixed for centuries? Or was it there where the valley narrows for the last time before the wide Italian plain in front of Verona, that the old Germans used to call Bern? The most just and the wisest of the wise could not have decided the point. But one thing was certain, it was not in the middle of the country where the accidental formation of the sharply sloping, weather-beaten crags forms the watershed and sends the drops of water scattering to this side and that. For on either side of this natural boundary nature, men and their destinies are the same, indivisible and inseparable.

From the time when Rome's legions—and culture—had flowed from the Mediterranean over the Alps as far as the North Sea, and the base flood of the migration of peoples had rolled its waves to the very doors of Saint Peter's, the dashing breakers of history had never ceased beating against the walls of rock which here separate north from south. Like a sediment left by the ebb and flow of this deluge, various peoples and tribes had settled in the central basin of the continent of Europe as if Providence had wanted to plant a nursery-garden to see whether the people were willing to exchange the curse of Babel which had confused their tongues for "Love thy neighbor as thyself," which the Saviour had told His Apostles to teach all people. That was the pious idea of the state which then came into existence, Austria. Only very, very few of her own sons, it is true, have understood the voice of Austria; how then should the neighbors, misled by various mistakes, have understood that their brothers in Austria were not prisoners in a country where might is right, but were to be emissaries to the workshop for European general culture and Christian reconciliation?

The first neighbor to rise against the state of many nations, Austria, was the lately united Italy. They fought for the plain at the foot of that rocky stronghold, the Tyrol, which had always been the scene of the bloodiest battles. At the same time in 1866, Protestant Prussia struck the decisive blow for the leadership in Catholic-Protestant Germany, and so Austria's military victory over Italy was turned into a diplomatic defeat. The frontier was set back into the mountains. United to the north by century-old historical bonds, and by various similarities in the mentality of the tribes, the mountainous peasant country of the old archbishopric of Trent, in spite of the different language, remained part of the Tyrol. Trentino was the Tyrol's sunny south, and the chief product of the soil and of their industry was wine, worthless to a wine-growing country like Italy, but welcome to the north; public officials and schools spoke and taught the language of the people, German; their inherited customs were carefully preserved, and the Italian peasant was content to live among his neighbors in this German peasant country. But in the towns Irredentism smoldered, kindled and fanned by their compatriots in Italy, which in the meantime had become Austria's ally in the Triple Alliance.

Then suddenly the conflagration of the great war broke out. East and west were in flames and the world looked to the south, to Italy. The "casus foederis" did not exist, but the diplomats announced that "official Italy is inviolably true to her alliance." But unofficial Italy, the true Italy, pressed on toward war for the sake of the districts "not yet set free." To this was added Italy's exposed maritime position, at the mercy of the huge fleet of the Entente. A German intermediary, Prince von Bülow, the former chancellor and well liked by the Italian government, wants to offer Trentino as the price of their neutrality. Austria, pointing to Alsace-Lorraine, refuses this suicide of a part of her state. One the twenty-fourth day of May, 1915, a manifesto of the emperor of Austria, king of Hungary, to the peoples of his monarchy announces: :"My ally, the king of Italy, has declared war against me." . . . "Sacro egoismo," Italy calls it.

A cry of righteous wrath resounds from the Tyrol and is echoed by the flower of the people at the front —Austria's staunchest troops—devoted to duty, fighting with the strength of lions for the country's cause, against Russia, against Serbia, on distant frontiers—the country's cause which the Tyrol had never really had at heart. "Holy egoism"? The Tyrolese can make neither head nor tail of that. He in whose proud and unassuming soul the Tenth Commandment is deeply implanted; he who prizes a clear conscience more than life itself; he who knows a wrestling-match for the honor of the thing, when one man challenges the other, but not an attack from behind upon those already hard pressed; he who built up the village house by house, added village to village in the valley, and valley after valley to his native country, to whom his native country is made up from the sum of single human beings of flesh and blood, possessing virtues and sins: he cannot understand that what is greed of gain and treachery from one man to another, can be holy from one nation to another. Not only his holy land of the Tyrol, the united land of his fathers, is threatened; not only the holy right of ruler seems to him basely betrayed, the ruler who was the grandson of that Duke Frederick for whose rights his ancestors had bled, when he was deserted and betrayed by all; worse still: God's holy laws seem to him to have been mocked and derided! And so he fights what is to him a threefold fight, for God, the emperor and the fatherland, as it is written on his flags.

First the old men and the youths of the Tyrol—the only ones left at home since the new enemy had attacked them from behind—took their places on the rocky walls to protect the frontier in many a sanguinary struggle: a pathetic little troop against a modern

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army. They were grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Andreas Hofer, and they didn't budge till the Tyrolese regiments came from the north and east, their numbers thinned in heated battles, gnashing their teeth with fury. And they stand firm to the end; not an inch of their native soil is wrung from them, till at last, with the desertion of the "brother" nations, comes the fall of Austria. The confusion caused by a hasty armistice makes prisoners of thousands of Tyrolese and floods the land to its core with the enemy. The peace puts an end to the idea of the state of many nations; the Tyrol does not weep for it: in narrow valleys they don't have such vast dreams. Take away the Tyrolese frontier towns; the Tyrol does not weep for them: they had never understood one another. Take away the valleys in which the Alpine folk speak Italian; here and there they part in sadness, but on the whole they don't weep for each other. "One nation—one state!" This fundamental principle of the terms of peace, based on Wilson's Fourteen Points, which, in these times of great unions, creates new minor states in the centre of Europe, insures their safety surely for all time—as a part of the remnant of Austria, as a part of Germany perhaps, alone, if it is to be, the united German Tyrol?

On the green baize table at the peace negotiations lies the map of Europe and right through the middle of this united German Tyrol a straggling line is drawn. A narrow strip to the north and a few disconnected valleys to the east, only to be reached through foreign territory, these the Tyrol may keep; the rest is Italy. And tomorrow you may ask your friend, your cousin, or your brother, "What are you?" and with the mad laugh of Lear, who was king of his country yesterday and today is a homeless outcast, he will answer you: "An Italian."

And again the Tyrol does not weep. With glassy eyes and clenched fists he stares across the new "frontier." It will soon be ten years now, he can wait a hundred years, a thousand if need be. The old peasant with the wooden leg teaches his son: "You will come with me when it is a question of the South Tyrol." And the mother nods assent.

The government and other wise people try to pacify them: "Patience, patience! God knows how things will turn out. Be sensible, be patient, O Tyrol—on this side and on that!" Just as official Italy spoke to the Italy of the Irredentists formerly.

And Italy's standpoint? First of all, the frontier is the right of the conqueror, is his right of self-preservation: strategical frontier. A well-deserved frontier indeed! He alone kept the enemy back on the south, among the ice-coated rocks, for three years of mountain warfare, protecting the backs of thankless allies; our Piave, which we had won and crossed, drowned Austria's assault in its floods, we gained the victory with bloody losses in the greatest war the world has ever seen. Then came a new geographical-political theory: The country at the source of a river belongs to the land at its mouth. (Switzerland to Holland, Wurttemberg to Roumania, Bohemia to Germany, half of Arizona to Mexico?) Finally a historical-political theory which, skipping over two thousand years, in principle, swallowed half of Europe, Spain, France, Belgium, England: "There were once Romans there, therefore the country is Italian." Those Romans who spoke Greek after they had subdued Greece, who built Isis temples at home after they had conquered Egypt, who let their women wear blond wigs, after they had pushed forward into fair Germany; and who basked in the international sunshine of Caput Mundi. . . .

In narrow valleys the imagination cannot stretch its wings as wide as in the plains, only heavenward; in narrow valleys the people are sparing of words and let God speak: human pathos would find a ridiculous echo among the rocks which reverberate with the thunder of the Almighty; in narrow valleys they avoid grand gestures: the mountain-giants gesticulate with forest-razing avalanches! A leader who had to set the Tyrol in order, if the Tyrol were in need of setting in order, would have to be a man of essentials, a man of few words and curt gestures, a Tyrolese peasant, Andreas Hofer, no descendant of the Caesars with cothurn and bell-mouthed mask, as the Latin peoples with their sense of art would need him. The Tyrolese does not know the toga picta. But the Tyrolese peasant understands this much of Roman greatness: it is not the way of truimphant victors to take away everything that they hold sacred from a little band of two hundred thousand brave men subjugated by a nation of fifty millions: their mother tongue in the schools; the old, old names of their villages and valleys; their own family names; the customs of their ancestors; the German prayer that the mother teaches her child with so much trouble.

If we speak to old friends in Italy—and how many have friends in the country of our desire, between the blue seas!—and ask them guardedly: "Tell me how it is that Fascism, with its Roman pride and Roman magnitude, can be so lacking in understanding, so narrow-minded and so meanly ill-natured to the scattered German edelweiss in the spacious garden of Italy"—then they say: "We bring a good many economic advantages to the upper Etsch." And if one exclaims: "Friend! grandchild of Romans! Do you suppose that the soul of a nation is the soul of a shopkeeper?" then the former friend smiles an oracular smile: "Much might be different if there were no Irredentism on the Tyrolese side of the Brenner frontier!" "But who showed the Tyrol the way of Irredentism? Who forces them now in the same path? And are these not articles of Roman law: 'The same rights for all' and "Right goes before might' ?" Then they shrug their shoulders: "Sacro egoismo of the stronger, my friend. . . ."

One moral code for a single man and another for a whole nation: is that the final goal of the wisdom of the Christian race? You must decide, Defender of the Tyrol—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus!

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WHAT I SAW IN MEXICO

II. CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

By WILLIAM FLEWELLYN SAUNDERS

(This is the second of two articles on the Mexican situation written for The Commonweal by William Flewellyn Saunders. Mr. Saunders was brought up in the Methodist Church, his father having been a circuit rider in Georgia. He is a Knight Templar and a Shriner. He was a Republican election commissioner and Assistant Postmaster in St. Louis, Secretary of the St. Louis Business Men's League and St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and during the war manager of the Missouri Council of Defense. He was for several years Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce in the City of Mexico.—The Editors.)

WHEN I think of the bloody and barbarous things that have been happening in Mexico for two years, and compare them with the mild and gentle accounts of conditions there, printed in the newspapers of the country and in much of the foreign press, from which one is led to believe that the country is in a state of tranquillity and progressing toward prosperity, I am led to marvel at the human race. There are two things that deceive the people of the outside world about conditions in Mexico. One is the censorship of the press, both Mexican and foreign, and the other is the effective and intelligent Mexican publicity agencies, especially active in New York and in Washington. Some of these agencies are paid; others unpaid and entirely sincere.

The censorship in Mexico, through which President Calles succeeds in preventing the truth from reaching the people of the country and of the outside world, is in direct violation of the constitution of Mexico.

The constitution of 1917, for which President Calles, in his public utterances, professes the most profound respect, says on the subject of the freedom of the press:

> Article 7. Freedom of writing and publishing writings on any subject is inviolable. No law or authority shall have the right to establish censorship, require bond from authors or printers, nor restrict the liberty of the press, which shall be limited only by the respect due to private life, morals and public peace. Under no circumstances shall a printing press be sequestrated as the corpus delicti.
>
> The organic laws shall prescribe whatever provisions may be necessary to prevent the imprisonment, under pretext of a denunciation of offenses of the press, of the vendors, newsboys, workmen and other employees of the establishment publishing the writing denounced, unless their responsibility be previously established.

Government control of Mexican newspapers and foreign correspondents is felt always in Mexico. The press censorship becomes open and is formally operated by government censors in the newspaper offices and in the cable office, whenever anything of high importance occurs, like a revolution or the assassination of General Obregon. At these times there are usually two censors in the offices of Excelsior or El Universal, the two leading morning papers of the City of Mexico. The post-office is distrusted, although there is no admission that letters are opened; but no sensible man sends through the mail any letter that has matter in it that would be disagreeable to the government. When I left Mexico, two correspondents of great newspapers in the United States gave me letters to their editors to post in New York, which they were afraid to put into the mail, and the father of a nun in a convent in this country gave me a letter and a package, the one to mail and the other to deliver to her personally. These letters contained a description of things that were going on in Mexico. Had they been intercepted in the mail, the senders would have been imprisoned or banished.

The censorship, however, at all times, is continuing and acts as a terror to the newspapers in Mexico and as a warning to the foreign correspondents. It is understood that nothing must be printed or sent out of Mexico to be printed elsewhere that is displeasing to the government. I asked a correspondent once, when I was new to the country:

"Why don't you send that in a letter to the paper, if it won't pass the censor in the cable office?"

"Why," he answered, "my paper would get back here in a week or so, and I would be ordered out of the country as soon as some government officer read the stuff."

I have known a Mexican general of the army to enter the editorial room of a morning paper in the City of Mexico and in plain hearing of all the staff of editors and reporters threaten the editor-in-chief, telling him that if he printed again matter like some that had appeared that morning he would be banished or imprisoned. The editor was so frightened that he went home and went to bed.

The editor of a Mexican newspaper that prints anything, news or editorial expression, critical of a government policy or objecting to it, knows well that he is daring banishment or imprisonment, and the foreign correspondent knows that unless he keeps what he sends out strictly within well-defined governmental lines he stands in danger of being banished also.

In the case of foreigners, we call banishment "being thirty-threed," because Article 33 of the Mexican constitution allows the President of Mexico to banish any foreigner, without judicial process, whose presence in the country is "deemed inexpedient."

I have known New York correspondents to be

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"thirty-threed" from Mexico, and I have known Mexican editors to be banished. Last year three editors of Excelsior, in the City of Mexico, were banished by Calles. Here is one way in which a newspaper that makes itself disagreeable to a powerful government official can be suppressed, without making too much disturbance.

Felix Palaviccini was the principal owner of El Universal, one of the two morning newspapers of widest circulation. He was a famous publisher in Mexico, clever, rich and ambitious, and he aspired to be President of Mexico. He was hampered in the conduct of El Universal by stockholders, so he sold his interest in the paper, put up a new publishing building and started an independent morning paper.

He thought that Alberto Pani, the Secretary of the Treasury, was administering the finances of the country badly and began criticizing him. Pani sent word to him that if he did not stop it he would put his newspaper, El Globo, out of business. Palaviccini ignored the threat and continued the criticism, but he announced in his paper that Pani had tried to intimidate him. Pani then sent inspectors of the Treasury Department around to the merchants and intimated to them that the books of those who advertised in Palaviccini's newspaper would become the objects of especial attention from the inspectors of the Treasury Department. Now it is simply impossible for any merchant to keep books according to the commercial code, so full of requirement as to unpractical detail is this code, and nobody does it—it is much easier to arrange things with an inspector and, in one way or another, prevent him from reporting some technical violation of the code that would lead to a heavy fine.

So the merchants advertising with Palaviccini took the easiest way and stopped their advertising, and El Globo turned up its toes, with a swan song from Palaviccini telling how Secretary Pani had killed his paper.

Palaviccini then started a smaller paper which he used to criticize the government, and last year he was banished from the country. Imagine Secretary Mellon trying to stop the advertising in newspapers that objected to his policies and imagine President Coolidge banishing a newspaper editor who was opposed to him!

The case of the three boys who were murdered by soldiers in Colima, because they were aiding in the religious boycott, is one of the best examples of the force of this censorship that I know. This was a most cruel thing. It was telegraphed from some point to the newspapers in the City of Mexico, and they were told to print nothing about it. The foreign correspondents were prevented from sending out the account. I read a letter written by the correspondent of a Boston paper to his editor in which he told the whole story, giving the names of the boys and all the details of the occurrence, but, of course, added the warning that this was not to be printed, since he feared that he would be "thirty-threed" if it were.

When President Carranza was assassinated in his flight, after General Obregon had driven him from the City of Mexico, the assassin proclaimed himself, but he was never punished, and the newspapers, knowing what the government wanted, did not follow up the matter.

When Villa was assassinated, because he had come out in opposition to the candidacy of Calles for President, the murderers were well known, but the newspapers got a hint that they had better forget the affair and they did, and the assassins were not brought to trial.

When Flores, the former governor of Sonora, who was a candidate against Calles for the Presidency, was poisoned in his bed, his widow announced the day after that she knew who had instigated the crime and would bring them to justice. The newspapers printed her first statement, and then nothing more appeared. Yet Flores was undoubtedly one of the most prominent men in Mexico.

When Rosalie Evans, the American woman, was assassinated by agrarians who wanted and got her land, the newspapers flamed out in the beginning with resentment, but they were told that they must handle the matter in a way that would not dig in too deep and uncover the real murderers. Some poor peons were arrested as scapegoats and imprisoned, and after a while the press stopped printing news about the crime.

A passenger train coming from Guadalajara, which was known to be carrying a shipment of gold coin in the express car, guarded by twenty soldiers, was stopped by bandits, who placed railway ties across the track. It was at night, and dark. The soldiers, instead of defending the money, fled into the second-class car behind the express car, and while the bandits were climbing into the express car, the soldiers opened fire on them from the passenger car, shooting out of the windows. The bandits returned the fire, shooting at the flashes from the windows, and then attacked the soldiers in the passenger car and killed them all. Some passengers were killed also by the fire of the bandits.

The news came immediately to the City of Mexico, to the government as well as to the newspapers. The War Department at once set up a censorship over the cable office, and sent word to the morning papers to print nothing about the attack until an account could be prepared by the Department. Later in the evening, this account came to the offices and it said that the attack on the train had been led personally by priests and that the second-class passengers had been wantonly killed by the bandits. This was with the purpose of angering the common people against the Catholics, of course. The foreign correspondents had to send out the same War Department story, and the true story did not get out for a week afterward. Then it was sent by a man to the border and finally mailed in a Texas post-office.

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The magazine, Liberty, of New York, printed a series of articles on the Catholic situation in Mexico. They seemed to me to be quite fair. One of the articles was an interview with President Calles. But the articles did not satisfy Calles, and Liberty was excluded from the mails. Now it is going into Mexico again.

The Saturday Evening Post sent Isaac F. Marcosson down to Mexico to write about conditions there. His accounts were so displeasing to Calles that the magazine was excluded from the country for some time.

The Liberty correspondent, while in Mexico, was much in the company of other newspaper correspondents. When his articles appeared, the government suspected that the correspondent of a New York newspaper had given him much of his information, and arrested this correspondent, telling him that he would be banished from Mexico that evening. He was held in a government office, waiting for the train, but his wife hurried to the American embassy, and Ambassador Sheffield intervened, and prevented the banishment.

Suppose there were no censorship of the press in Mexico, and that it were as free as it is in the United States—as free as the constitution of Mexico intended it should be. There are very good newspaper men in charge of the two newspapers, Excelsior and El Universal there. They would instruct their correspondents to send them lists of the property owned by the churches and the priests and the preachers all through Mexico, and to inform them who had taken possession of it, so they might print this and let their readers know. Under the censorship, no word about this has been printed. Church property in Mexico does not consist merely of buildings used for church services. Much of it is in haciendas, and farms, and houses in the cities, and much of it belongs to priests and preachers personally. Who has taken this property and who has it now?

I myself know a case in which an American woman was driven out of a house in Cuernavaca, which a friend of hers, an Englishwoman, had bought from a priest, his own property, by a file of soldiers, the captain of the guard saying that the house was wanted by the general in command of the Cuernavaca garrison. She remonstrated, telling the officer that the house belonged to her friend. He replied that it had belonged to the priest and that he had no right to sell it. She left the house and came back to the City of Mexico, and the general has the property now. There are, no doubt, many similar instances of the forcible and illegal appropriation of property owned by the churches and by the priests in Mexico, but the newspapers, which would like to find out and print the news about these things, dare not investigate.

This censorship of the press, in direct violation of the Mexican constitution, is most unwise. The men of the Mexican newspapers and the foreign correspondents are, as a rule, friendly to the country, and it would be better for Mexico if the government gave them free rein. We all know that at this moment the truth in the matter of the assassination of President-elect Obregon is not coming to us, and that we are hearing only what the Mexican government, for its own purpose, wants us to get. Were President Calles sincere in his professions of respect for the laws, and intelligent in his patriotism, he would remove the censorship, whose existence now invites distrust of all the news that is coming from Mexico, and let the world know the truth of matters there.

ANTIQUES

By MARGARET M. LYNAHAN

ALTHOUGH my years number more than sixty and my white hair remains contentedly unbobbed, I felt something of a jolt the other day when a silken-kneed young flapper of my acquaintance pounced upon one of my wedding-gifts with, "Oh, what a perfectly darling antique!"

I began to think backward. Could I not recall sitting with prickles chasing up and down my twelve-year-old spine, while a nonagenarian neighbor spun yarns about his boyhood among the Indians? He would tell of scalps and burning villages. There, on our faded carpet, redskin after redskin bit the dust. Sometimes, his shaky voice keyed high with reminiscence, he told of quaint Indian customs and kindnesses. Indians! A neighbor of mine had remembered Indians! Indians! As well speak of periwigs, of Eric the Red, of Thermopylae. Indians are history, ancient history. With a rueful smile I realized that my flapper visitor was right. My memories, my wedding presents—they are antiques. I'm something of an antique myself!

Well, heigho! Antiques have a certain value nowadays. My memories are happy ones; many of them fond, some, I think, significant. We are fortunate, who have been alive and alert during the past sixty or more years. We have witnessed and been privileged to take a part, however small, in a wonderful development—the growth of America into one of the great nations of the earth.

My childhood was spent on a farm in upstate New York. In the light of today, life in those days must seem hard and full of drudgery, narrow and uninteresting, but I can assure you that it was not so. We were well fed, my brothers and sisters and I, warmly dressed, and soundly disciplined. We have made, if I do say it myself, not half-bad citizens. The few good books which came our way we read over and over

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again. Such dime thrillers as Dead-Eye Dick and Ida the Artless, once discovered, mysteriously disappeared. Somewhat crude, certainly uncultured, unappreciative, perhaps, of the finer aspects of living, we were nevertheless fair representatives of at least one variety of the great mass of people who have assisted in the making of America.

It is our religious training which, watching and listening to a spiritually care-free generation, I recall most vividly. To us, sixty years ago, religion was the most important thing in life. The itinerant priest, making his laborious round from settlement to settlement, facing the sometimes impassable country roads regardless of the weather, came within reasonable distance of us about once every two years. I was born in February and when I was three weeks old my mother and two neighbors with babies the same age rode, at the risk of all our lives, twenty-five miles in a lumber wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, so that the babies might be baptized. There were depth and fervor in the faith of these pioneer women which can be measured only by the hardships they were willing to endure.

We children looked forward to the priest's visits with far keener anticipation than modern children look forward to a trip to the movies. Indeed, some of those homely scenes of our childhood, half-humorous and half-poignant, would not make bad movies themselves.

"Catherine," said my father to my mother, coming in one summer noonday, "Jack Doran sent me word that Father Berteau will be at the Deans' place Friday. After dinner have one of the boys take old Tom and spread the word."

Who would be the messenger? Who would be the messenger! The boys all wriggled in their chairs. Finally Mother decided it had best be Jim, the youngest, a lad of fourteen, because he could most easily be spared from the heavy farm work. There were envious glances, a few jeers at "mother's pet," which upset our rustic and gangling Hermes not at all as he finished bolting his dinner and then carefully washed his face and combed his hair in preparation for the important trip.

Does this seem tame? The boy of today would accept the commission nonchalantly, climb in the Ford, and be back in an hour's time. But not sixty years ago. In the first place, the messenger's job meant release from work for the rest of the day. Intoxicating thought! Then there was the importance of the message he had to deliver. The coming of the priest was a rare event; people fifteen and twenty miles away had to be notified; babies born since his last visit must be got ready for baptism. The messenger would be welcomed everywhere, given choice bits of news and gossip to tell at the next farmhouse, and, best of all, many a farmer's wife, pondering meanwhile how many members of the family had sets of clothing complete enough to wear to Mass, would prepare a special meal in the messenger's honor. Oh, yes, the trip was altogether a desirable one!

When the day arrived, though it was the busiest season of the farmer's year, no one hesitated to give up the entire period between sunrise and sunset to spiritual doctoring. Such scrubbing and hair-clipping —Mother was the barber—packing of lunch, dressing and feeding the younger ones! The older members of the family, of course, went fasting.

Someone had to stay home to look after the place and feed the animals. Who? The messenger, you would say? Not at all; he was the only one who had shoes, suit and a hat fit to wear. It was the luckless middle boy, too small to wear big brother's clothes and too large for little brother's clothes who, minus presentable trousers, had to stay at home. His grumbles will find echoes in the memories of many others who have been the "middle boys" of large families.

"Gee, I never go anywhere! I never have a full set of clothes. If I have a hat I haven't got a decent coat. If I have a coat, there's no decent shoes or pants. I always have to stay home!"

A long drive and we reached the Dean's place—a small log house with a lean-to. The priest had elected to celebrate Mass at the Deans' because of this lean-to: It was a bedroom which could be used as a confessional; most of the other houses had but one room on the ground floor.

I was too young for the confessional, but I remember the Mass vividly. It was held in the main room which was kitchen-, bed-, living-room all in one. I recall Father Berteau, a gentle-mannered French Jesuit; the altar, a small bureau on which a crucifix and two candles had been placed. The large four-poster which ordinarily occupied one corner of the room had been moved into the front yard to give more space inside. As I remember, there were more men than women, and I can see the awkward farmers and farm lads in their clumsy boots and home-made clothes shifting from one knee to the other or stumbling into the lean-to to tell of their misdeeds. Perhaps one lad would hesitate on the threshold because he had to confess that his love of sugar was leading him to hell, since he stole it from his mother's pantry. Perhaps the father of a family had to be reprimanded for breaking his temperance pledge or for brutal treatment of his wife. I distinctly remember the emotional response of the members of that little gathering to the sound of the sanctuary bell. I have never felt so near to heaven since.

After Mass, the room was cleared while the good housewife prepared breakfast for the priest and the parishioners opened their lunch baskets on the lawn. While they ate, they talked crops and winter hardships, compared notes and exchanged hints for simplifying farm work. Then came baptisms and "churching" of the women. The children were questioned on the catechism and impressed with the importance of being ready for confirmation whenever the bishop

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would be at the nearest town, C———, which was about thirty miles away.

Thus did I attend Mass during my early childhood. Later a small chapel was built within ten miles of our home and, as regularly as we could, depending on the weather and the condition of the horses, we attended services there. Chapel or no chapel, however, no Sunday passed unobserved in our household. It was no use for my brothers to feign stomach-ache or sore knees. If we could not go to Mass, our mother assembled us in our own main room at ten-thirty Sunday morning for recitation of the rosary. I remember having been deeply impressed by the earnestness and inviolability of this custom one Sunday morning in particular.

We were kneeling around the stove reciting the rosary when one of my brothers, thinking the prayers would be ended for the day by his announcement, interrupted hopefully, "Mother, Mr. Mack is driving in." Mr. Mack was a neighbor who lived ten miles away.

Mother quietly told the larger boy to go take Mr. Mack's horse. Our guest came in and dropped on his knees inside the door. There was no word of greeting until the prayers were finished.

Religion came first with us, sixty years ago.

Processionale

Tonight I hear the horns of glory rain
Imperial music round an ancient fane,
In the great and golden time of Charlemagne.

Amid the marching storm of the mailed throng,
I see the bronze Madonna borne along,
Ringed by the tapers' and the censers' song.

Spread out beneath the cities' iron eyes,
When men were brave and saintly, and less wise,
Like waves the choir's holy chants arise.

There prince and palladin and emperor kneel,
While monks with fiery banners pass and wheel
Before saluting knights, whose faith is real.

The throats of giant bells take up the strain
Of joy, and sound it to the world again—
From cliff-hung Roncevaux to blue Champagne.

Beyond the savage southern clouds tonight,
I see the tall cathedral's steeple-light—
The papal envoy wrapped in lily-white—

Rank after rank, I see the pageant pass,
Go, decked in flowers and silks, and gold and glass,
To that most mystic rite—the Holy Mass.

Strong hands upraise the Host across the years—
I am as one who watches through his tears
The Sign of Love that heals the hemispheres. . . .

Tonight I hear the horns of glory rain
Imperial music round an ancient fane,
In the great and golden time of Charlemagne.

J. Corson Miller.

HISTORY, OUTSIDE AND IN

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THERE is a good deal of interest and amusement to be got by one who has lived and done things in remote parts of the earth, by comparison of his own observation of those things with the "official record." Sir Richard Burton's caustic comment on that, years ago, while relating to some schoolboys some of his marvelous experiences, is as appropriate today as it was then in his own particular case.

Sir Richard, who could disguise himself completely and live undetected as a "native" at Mecca, in Persia or in India, had no sympathy whatever with the stiff and formal methods of officialdom, nor with the impenetrability of the official mind to unusual facts observed or learned by him in his assumed characters. Perhaps only Lawrence of Arabia could understand his feeling quite perfectly.

However severely such exceptional men as these two may criticize the bureaucratic mind, there is still some excuse for writers of historical studies; for them the official record stands, and in general it must, for it is *the only source of information available to most people*; yet even to them very often it is heresy to suggest that the record is not always exact. The actors in the recorded event may have a quite different vision of what happened, but since the record is official they will often find themselves doubting the evidence of their own senses.

In 1904, an American (one of the schoolboys who had listened to Richard Burton) was chief adviser to the emperor of Korea. For years he had been trying to secure from the powers a status of neutrality for Korea, which would remove that country from its perilous position as a source of danger to either of its great imperial neighbors, if occupied by the other. Neutrality would have permitted, too, a beginning of all the necessary internal reforms which could not be undertaken under constant menace to Korean national life.

In the course of this struggle for recognized independence and assured neutrality, this American adviser had clashed heavily more than once with the agents and representatives of both the empires; but when the Japanese occupied Korea with their armies, he was paid the compliment of a formal invitation to join Prince Ito, one of the great statesmen of his age in the administration of Korea; and when he declined that offer from feelings of delicacy which the Japanese were the first to appreciate, he accepted the alternative: immediate departure, on an army transport with a secret destination.

The first acts of war had moved with lightning rapidity. The Japanese grand fleet appeared off the landlocked harbor of Chemulpo, crushed the feeble Variag cruiser and the stationnaire gunboat Koreetz, and landed armies of occupation and attack with a precision and efficiency not surpassed ten years later by the Germans in the world war. From Chemulpo

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the fleet swept on to Port Arthur, and attacked in the first days of February. Of that attack the world was told that it had been completely successful with heavy damage to the Russian forts and little or none to the attacking fleet—a statement of great interest to military men all over the world. Carrying the Korean emperor's exiled American adviser, the returning transport put in with despatches to a great landlocked harbor on the coast of Korea which several of the Pacific powers had tried in vain to obtain in concession. There lay the grand fleet, with floating docks and every kind of repair apparatus, swarming with mechanics; as badly smashed a fleet as one might expect to see after an engagement with the plunging fire of heavy land guns. It was what any naval student would have expected to see, but not at all what had been carried in the official news service. This particular American thought his observations so important as to belong exclusively to the President; he withheld them from reporters in Honolulu, San Francisco and Washington (being the first man back from the front, where no war correspondents were allowed) and went straight to Mr. Roosevelt. "You probably did not realize what you saw," was the President's comment. "The official record is against it, both from the embassy here and from our own people at Tokio"; and that was all there was to it. The eye-witness had no standing against the official record.

Years later that same American observer was engaged with Basil Miles in finding out and caring for the dreadful needs of the million and more German and Austrian prisoners of war scattered over 6,000 miles of Russia and Siberia. The revolution came, the abdication of the emperor, and the setting up of the first new government. The American ambassador hastened to ask by cable permission to make formal recognition. After noticeable delay, that permission was granted from Washington and an hour in the morning was set by the Russian government for the ceremony—which, without explanation, was then deferred until the afternoon. After formal presentation of the ambassador's staff to the cabinet, the particular American of this anecdote sought out a young man present who was beginning to appear very prominently to the public eye, one Alexander Kerensky, and by way of conversational opening alluded to the ceremony of recognition. "Yes," said Kerensky, "I suppose that, strictly speaking, you are the first to recognize our government, for you proposed first to do it, and actually made the appointment first to do it—but we simply had to let in our ally first, Sir George Buchanan; it would not have been quite decent not to. That is why you were put off till this afternoon."

Now, that is not the official record at all. The State Department has it that the United States was the first, for the ambassador so reported, and has so written in his memoirs. Kerensky, questioned in New York (after ten years of cataclysmic career) is quite sure we were the first; Sir George Buchanan in his book has it that his American colleague told him the United States had been the first to make formal recognition, and since Great Britain controlled most of the means of communication of the world during the war, it may not have seemed to him necessary to dispute that statement. A member of the American embassy's staff at that time "does not remember the details well enough to say that officially we were the first, as they may have given Buchanan the preference for the official declaration."

Not that it all matters in the very least, or that these anecdotes have any moral whatever. It is the stenographer and the file clerk who matter in historical research; not in the least the person who saw and heard and did, for, as everybody knows, if his account of things differs by a hair's breadth from the vote of the majority or from the official record, he is wrong. If there is any conclusion it must be that it is much safer to write history from the official record than to live it, which is a great waste of time and comfort, and counts for nothing at all but the personal joy of hardship and of living dangerously. If, like Maurice Paléologue, one can be present (though puzzled) during incomprehensible events, and later write a diary of prophecy, when all the "official record" has been established, one has no doubt chosen the better way.

ON KITCHENS AND CLOISTERS

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

THE cloister at Saint Hilda's convent at once separates and unites the convent kitchen and the chapel of Our Lady of Victory. The two verbs would seem to be at variance; in fact, one is likely through force of temperament alone to take his choice between them. As for me, I am inclined irrevocably toward the latter. Recalling those "common gifts" of the faithful to the early Church, the offertory of fresh bread loaves, of ears of corn and clusters of grapes, of cakes of finest flour, I see little reason for the idea of separation. Saint Monica, the mother of the great Augustine, rose early, one remembers, to bake her own loaves, which she thereafter distributed in person to the villages churches. Doubtless she carried to Mass, concealed in the folds of her gown, some such delectable and aromatic odors as I have more than once enjoyed, kneeling by Sister Ambrosine, the mistress of Saint Hilda's kitchen, and noting in what a sweet and seemly manner they are wont to ascend with the incense above the white altar.

I should banish forever the notion that a kitchen is separated from a chapel. Once in a high Swiss hamlet on a clear summer morning I attended an early Mass in a tiny, rose-covered church. The priest was frail and old; the congregation consisted of a handful of peasants, a kind and attentive dog, and me; but our responses were immeasurably strengthened and swelled by the loud and cheerful tones of the priest's housekeeper, who, in his cottage adjoining the church, attended at once to her own devotions and his breakfast. Through the open windows came her lively voice, fervently praising the Lord; her pots and pans were the tabors and the cymbals adjured by the psalmist; and, mingling with the fragrance of the high, thin air, came the warm, comfortable smell of her ham and coffee. Well did Saint Francis de Sales extol the

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similar household devotions of Saint Anne and Saint Martha; and Saint Teresa, in The Way of Perfection, it will be remembered, warns her young nuns against irreverence for sculleries and kitchens.

In Gloucester—loveliest of cloisters!—the hawkers' door leading to the kitchen immediately adjoined the cloister walk. What cries and scents and colloquies may well have drifted in those lancet windows, echoing through those arched and shadowy recesses, and dying away among the soaring, fan-like tracery of that lofty roof! At their desks in the carrels of the scriptorium, intent on their illumination of psalters and books of hours with gold leaf and blue dyes, more than one Benedictine brother of Saint Peter must have felt a twitching of the nostrils at the cry of fresh salmon from the Severn or of early strawberries from the valley of the Wye. Who knows, indeed, what delicate golden spiral completing an initial letter, what depths and shades of blue in flowery borders, what eager-faced ox or ass may have owed his better being to the simple proximity of that monastery kitchen? And if to some more contemplative brother, sitting in his carrel between the fluted columns, there appeared from the high palaces of heaven a singing company of saints to chant their litanies in the cloister close, there came no less into the thoughts and the hands of those Gloucester masons, from the good Gloucester bread and cheese and ale, the exquisite, unearthly traceries of those beautiful aerial arches.

The south walk of the Gloucester cloisters, claiming and receiving all possible rays of that niggardly English sunshine, utilized them to the full by throwing upon the broad stone floor latticed and leaf-strewn shadows from its high windows. Saint Hilda's south walk is recompensed in its endowment of sunlight for its lack of age and mellowed beauty. Rare, indeed, are those summer mornings which withhold the sun from its grey arches and columns, from its lancet, trefoiled windows, which Sister Ambrosine on her way to Mass has swung wide upon their hinges. Shadows, too, has Saint Hilda's from a great grapevine that, covering the west wall with its riotous life, sends, each in its own season, the sunlit counterparts of bare tendrils, of leaves and of fruit clusters to dance upon the walls and to rest uneasily upon the stone floor. And as for the prospect from the westward-facing windows of that south walk, Gloucester itself assuredly has nothing to show more fair.

Pacing the cloister in silence on their way from Mass to breakfast, the sisters glimpse through the narrow openings the high chapel porch with its sculptured saints. Below, the land falls to a tiny lake, rises again to wooded knolls, and slopes once more to the great river. Sandstone bluffs on its farther side are purple in the morning light and tease the gaze yet higher to blue, tumbling hills and a wide, clear expanse of blue and silver sky. And although the nuns, fretting not "at their narrow convent room" and bathed in a deeper, surer knowledge, do not need the information, one who has known both places will see in the quiet sloping of the land and the rising of the hills a likeness between those Gloucestershire valleys which Wordsworth so movingly extolled, and this sunnier, newer country.

Rain, too, at Saint Hilda's can never be that intrusive, wetter rain of southern England. On soggy mornings in that chill cloister how welcome to the shivering monks of Gloucester must have been the rich, warm odor of roast beef, browning slowly on the kitchen spits! What comfort in even the clinging, mongrel smell of cabbage as it fought for supremacy with the fog and the mist! Saint Hilda's cloister enjoys rain that is less tenacious, less personal in nature. The skies that pour down their crystal and silver are beneficent rather than wilful of face, meditative rather than sullen. Having, in fact, watched a summer rain through the open windows of the cloister, one is, not infrequently, actually driven to wish—curious as it sounds—for less sunlight.

On such a mid-afternoon the grey walls take on a purple tinge like Massachusetts hills on a dull November day. The rain falls upon the roof in a subdued, rhythmic undertone, strikes with a sharp spatter the wide leaves of the grape-vine, and drips from the eaves into widening pools with clear musical tones like the running notes of the clavichord. The poplars on the slopes increase their silver; the stalks of larkspur over the distant garden hedge are wisps of blue smoke.

At this hour of the afternoon, the nuns are at prayer, at work, asleep. I am alone in the cloister except for one sister who stands at the dim turn of the south into the chapel walk, tells her beads and looks out upon the rain. She is a Dominican, sojourning for a season among her black-robed friends. The deep cream-color of her habit against the grey walls on this day is like the color of a pale daffodil against a mass of purple. Watching her quiet figure, hearing in the brooding stillness the click of her rosary beads as she lifts and drops them, I think of Pater saying: "All life should be conceived of as a kind of listening," and of Saint Teresa: "The kingdom of heaven is won by a wise passiveness."

At the sound of the benediction bell she goes into the chapel. The sisters pass me silently, the echo of their beads the undertones for the thin, clear notes of raindrops on the pools below. The flushed cheeks and fragrant skirts of Sister Ambrosine assure me there is fresh spice-cake for supper. Soon the organ throbs through the soft, muted air, and voices singing the "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei" echo and reëcho through the uniting cloisters. They reach the kitchen and add their consecrating power to milk and bread, meat and spice-cake, objects of poetic and spiritual significance surely could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with them, fit symbols of life, "gratia plena," indeed!

Candles and Torches

Cup hands over the candle
Against the draught. Let it turn
Feebly in its socket;
Let it yearn,
As it must and will, to be a rocket—
And fail. It is a candle:
Let it burn!

Some hands grasp torches
And golden flambeaux; some light
At the silent altar,
Trembling, white,
Their candles. If they hesitate or falter—
Patience! They are not torches,
They are slight.

Cup hands over the candle
Against the draught. Will you spurn
The pale uneasy flare
Beside the urn,
The flicker of a ghost upon the stair?
Be kind. It is a candle:
Let it burn!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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SONNETS

Moss Agate

From glinting drift of sliding glacial seas
And swirling floods of meteoric flame,
It keeps the coolness that was under trees,
The green unfaded, patterns still the same,
Each light and shadow on the ageless sprays,
As when the first wild sky with dawn was sown . . .
A miniature that captured summer days,
The structure of a dream revealed in stone!

Had not the stone embraced this loveliness
Stone had been only stone, this fragile green
Had faded soon to vanish in the press
Of dusts, and we had never guessed or seen.
We see, but find no meaning to devise
This sense of restful coolness on the eyes.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Patrician

This tired Atlas scarcely comprehends
That he upholds a world. He does not feel
The pressure on his shoulders, and his heel
Is steady in the dust. Although he bends
This is a noble gesture; he attends
Still to his father's business. He may kneel
His lifetime through, but life will yet reveal
Splendor that falls and splendor that ascends.

He will not know the instant when his world
Will totter on his shoulders' pediment.
He will not hear the thunder, will not see
His unacknowledged burden swiftly hurled,
Crumbling to phantom in its first descent,
Upon the pavement of reality.

HARRIET SAMPSON.

For the Weary, the Wise

Love's hand is firm; be not too worn to speak
Of love a little—nor too lame to walk
With love awhile. Only the madmen seek
Her out in mist and ink, in dust and chalk—
Stronger by far is she than all our schemes,
Stronger by far is she than all our lies! . . .
Love's hand is cool; be not too bruised with dreams
To walk with her beneath the noonday skies.

God pity men their blindness who must hide
Love's quiet face within the mask of night;
God pity them their little cloak of pride
Who make of her a ghost for candle-light.
Love is the earth's own strength. She is a flame
No sun may dim—oh, be not blind nor lame!

S. BERT COOKSLEY.

Maturity to Youth

These feeble efforts, what are they? A hue
Of faintest rose against the crimson bed
Where day has died? A crumb of meanest bread
Beneath the banquet's teeming board? A queue
Of frozen breath upon a morn of dew
And swirling fog? A homespun woolen shred
Beside the tapestries of silken red
That Persian looms have woven? It is true.

If ever mind is ripened by the years
That mellow as they speed, this memory
A smile, perchance, will cross—"Those gropings were
They mine?"—and then the laugh of shame? The tears
Of gratitude instead. Then crudity
That youth saw not will vanish with their blur.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Only the Blind

Only the blind can tell the blind how blind
Two eyes can be that do not see the light,
Two eyes forever dipped in endless night,
Eyes with lines of vision always twined
About the immanent pole of nothingness
Reaching from here to far infinities
Through eternity's blue depths. Clear eyes
That see the morning and the evening fall

Never can tell, never can say at all
In words that might be ever understood
By blinded eyes, how evil and how good
Sight may be to eyes that never have seen
The Rajah sun reign heaven with his queen,
The Ranee moon, with planets in her dress.

MERRILL MOORE.

Escape

Some day there would be an escape, she knew;
  Escape from endless toil of sun to sun,
Escape from lonely twilights cold and blue,
  From pain and strife and hunger . . . every one!
And so her fingers moved unceasingly
  About the old, old house, and candles' gleam
Fell golden on her aging brow, as she
  Moved lightly as the shadow of a dream.

And neighbors now can hear outside their door
  When nights are silent, and they lie awake,
Familiar feet, a voice stilled long before,
  And they can hear the limbs of poplars shake
With falling leaves that bear the summer's rust . . .
  Remembering the freedom of the dust.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

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COMMUNICATIONS

ANGLO-SAXONS AND OTHERS

Westfield, N. J.

TO the Editor:—The article by Dr. James J. Walsh, Anglo-Saxons and Others, which appeared in your issue of August 8, is open to criticism on three grounds, which, with your permission, I would briefly state.

First: Of the twenty-six names on the Massachusetts muster-roll that Dr. Walsh claims were Irish, eleven are found in Bardsley's Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames, with their English etymology and occurrence in England before the seventeenth century. These are Barrett, Burke, Bryan, Carey, Connelly, Conner, Cosgrove, Larkin, Farley, Haley and Welsh. Although the name Welsh was originally bestowed on individuals who were supposed to have come from Wales or Scotland, it is a Saxon word and no one would have been called by it unless he were living in a Saxon (i. e. English) community at the time surnames were being passed around. Consequently, on account of inevitable intermarriage, persons who bear the name now must be in most cases mainly English by blood, just as in the case of persons named French or Fleming, unless their families are definitely known to have resided outside of England for some generations. According to Pope's Pioneers of Massachusetts and Savage's Biographical Dictionary, Barretts, Bryans (Bryants) Careys, Connellys (Conleys) Conners, Larkins, Farleys, Haleys (Healys) and Welshes were found in Massachusetts before 1692, when it is highly improbable that anyone not an English Protestant could have been found there without some mention being made of his unusual status. As a matter of fact, two Careys, a Kelly, a Larkin and a Farley are definitely recorded as being from England, while a Murphy and a Welch are definitely stated to have been Irish.

Second: It is known, in spite of Dr. Walsh's slur against the Scotch-Irish, that nearly all of the so-called Irish in the United States in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were Presbyterians from Ulster, descended from the Scotch and English who were planted there by James I and Cromwell. For more complete details I may refer to the Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume II, page 704; Volume VIII, pages 103, 134, 135.

Third: Dr. Walsh implies that the members of the old families in Massachusetts did not do much fighting in the Revolution. He goes all the way to South Carolina to find a Brown who was a Tory and overlooks the twelve hundred or more Browns and Brownes whose names are found on the Massachusetts muster-rolls. He mentions that there were no Lodges on the roll and only six Cabots. The reason is very simple: Lodge is not a colonial name in Massachusetts; there were none of that family there at the time of the first federal census, in 1790. As for the Cabots, there were in Massachusetts only seven males over sixteen years of age bearing that name in 1790, although the family had arrived in about the year 1700.

The census volume, A Century of Population Growth, states that in 1790 the family names in Massachusetts were 95 percent English, 3.6 percent Scotch and 1 percent Irish. If Dr. Walsh wishes to check these figures let him classify the 170,000 names on the Massachusetts muster-rolls and thereby perform a real service for students of American history.

RUFUS S. TUCKER.

WILL HISTORY REPEAT?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the interesting article relating to the suggested nomination of Charles Carroll of Carrollton for President in 1792, published in the August 15 issue of your weekly, the decision is reached that "intolerance . . . in Washington's day either was . . . slight . . . or the general esteem in which Carroll was held was proof against it." There can be no objection to this deduction if the documents quoted by Mr. Murphy are allowed to stand alone. Quite another turn is given the argument, however, if McHenry's letter suggesting the name of Carroll is taken into consideration. Evidently this letter, which was published in the McHenry Correspondence in 1906, escaped him. None the less the readers of The Commonweal must be very grateful to Mr. Murphy for calling attention at this particular moment to the fact that a Catholic was considered, even for a moment, as a possible choice for candidate at the dawn of American history.

McHenry's letter to Hamilton, dated August 16, 1792, is in part as follows:

"I mentioned Mr. Carroll as proper to be brought forward to oppose a man whom I suspect the antifederal interest will unite in supporting, in case of an opportunity. I calculate that Mr. Carroll will not succeed, but it may produce more votes in this state for some man who ought. I mean also that it should operate to detach Mr. Carroll from Mr. Jefferson, whose politics have in some instances infected him. In all this, however, you will understand, should it be an eligible line of politics, that I do not mean to be an actor. The interest you feel in it more than any other consideration, would induce me to take a little trouble. . . . I have been with Bishop Carroll, whose friendship and intimacy I enjoy. He has much greater control over the minds of the German Catholics than Charles and I believe that description of men will vote for Campbell. . . ."

Hamilton's reply with the response of McHenry, quoted in your August 15 issue, seems to have closed the incident. There has so far appeared no evidence that Charles Carroll was ever approached on the subject of permitting his name to be used. Had circumstances carried the matter that far there is every reason to believe that so shrewd a man as was "the first American millionaire" would not have allowed himself to fall into a political trap even though held by a sincere friend who later spoke of him as "one of the wisest, most prudent and best men in the United States." In proof of this wisdom there is a note in one of the despatches of Gérard, first French minister to the United States, to his court (November 10, 1778) which says:

"Congress is embarrassed with the choice of a new President. . . . A man is needed for that place who is active and who has talents and whose fortune will permit him to make a good appearance. The wishes of all unite in the person of M. Carroll of Maryland, who is a Catholic, but it is doubted if he will accept."

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

The title page and index for Volume VII of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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BOOKS

Mr. Ludwig Speculates

Genius and Character, by Emil Ludwig. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN THE introduction of the present work this eminent biographer pronounces against that determinism which regards genius as the simple reflection or product of a particular time. And, on the other hand, Mr. Ludwig parts company with those psychiatrists who take for their norm the intellectual mediocrity of the bourgeoisie and scrutinize every man of genius for the symptoms of "abnormal" psychology. He also rejects the "scientific" evaluation which interprets genius solely in terms of its work.

Mr. Ludwig seeks for a via media. The question with him is not, "How did the individual harmonize with his world?" but, "Does he harmonize with himself?" It is refreshing to find in this method a recognition of the true personality of genius and an insistence on the rights of that personality.

But it is curious to note that our portraitist has espoused an utterly impractical theory: the best proof of this is that he himself quietly abandons it as soon as he approaches his subjects. Mr. Ludwig would return to a more distant past: he professes to find in Plutarch the model biographer. Plutarch, we are told, paid a meticulous attention to details of character which were ignored by ordinary "historians." He tracked down the sources of the passions and acts of his notables: he sensed "the significance behind the most imperceptible of signs," and was "not misled by any event which happens heretofore to have been given undue prominence." And, as alleged by Mr. Ludwig, "whereas he studies character without regard for genius, when he has finished genius has automatically resulted."

In expecting the emergence of genius as a purely formal abstraction, a synthesis built up out of distributed character traits noted by the observer, Mr. Ludwig puts the cart before the horse. The "genius" that "automatically" emerges from personal deportment may be logical, but it is as unreal as the numbers of mathematics; for genius is more than an irradiation of character: it belongs to the will, it is something positive, it is at the very root of the personality.

It is true that genius is qualified by character and in part reflected by the conflicts of character; but it is so fully reflected in the work of genius that it is possible approximately to reconstruct the personality to which it belongs out of the monuments which it has left behind. At any rate the first step in the approach to genius is through its work. Mr. Ludwig's selection of the eighteen notables whose portraits he presents is apropos. Every one of them is a man who left his mark on the world; and, while a wealth of information about the details of the private life of a man of genius materially assists us in more sharply defining the facets of his personality, this is wanting in the case of Shakespeare and Mr. Ludwig is obliged to fall back on the Sonnets.

Shakespeare ranks first among men of genius; yet, as Mr. Ludwig remarks, "the records of his life are missing": we have no more than a "dozen dates, letters, and documents," and what we get is "a silhouette rather than a portrait." If Mr. Ludwig is to deal with genius at all he must violate his own canons: before he can touch the character of the man of genius he must discover genius in its work.

Mr. Ludwig, as an advocate of the racial "ethos" theory, also labors at a disadvantage. In imitation of Plutarch he "matches a Greek with a Roman." The "Greek," he would say, is inclined to speculation. He is a doctrinaire, whereas the "Roman" is a "practical" man. Until the late war it was supposed that the "Celtic" and "Latin" types corresponded to the ancient Greek, while the "Teutonic" and "Anglo-Saxon" types corresponded to the Roman. But it is not possible to regard the two types as opposite poles. The Greeks were "practical" enough until the Romans conquered them; and the "practical" Romans were themselves conquered, in the course of time.

There is nothing more artificial than a racial type. It dissolves when the type emigrates or the conquerers admit it to participation in the government or the barrier of language is broken down. As Mr. Wyndham Lewis and others have shown, there is no actual "Anglo-Saxon," no actual "Celt": the "ethos" theory is a piece of political propaganda and the forms which it takes vary with the necessities of the times.

Just now it is not to the advantage of "the Germans" to place the emphasis, as formerly, on the "practical": they are now revealed to us by Mr. Ludwig as a race of "dreamers," somewhat as the lyric "Celt" under the heel of an "Anglo-Saxon" master has been portrayed. Thus, Germany "could not be subdued" except by the "artist," Bismarck: "a man of emotion . . . capable of casting his molten feelings into forms of solid iron . . . shaped this realm of music into a state." We are asked to believe that "the German genius has always been either ideologist or artist. This people has never produced the pure homo politicus." Again, "the Germans" are a race of "poets and critics": they were obliged to turn to the Hebrew, Rathenau, for a man "able to think and act at once."

Which is sheer nonsense! Given the opportunity, the "practical man of affairs" will always emerge in any "race" and in any nation. Bismarck and Rathenau may have been men of genius, but they take very low rank in the scale: it is to be doubted if they were more than high-powered politicians.

It is quite different with the artists who, by sheer brilliancy of intellect and power of will, have risen from the lowest strata of society. Name them and you will find that neither a racial "ethos" nor a favorable environment can account for them. Practically all were international, rather than national, in their outlook. They belong to humanity and the ages.

A great number of Mr. Ludwig's matchings are too pat and pedantic. Occasionally he makes a happy observation, as in the case of Frederick the Great, who, one has genuine cause to fear, was a homo politicus. It is easier to anticipate what a man of this type will do; he yields more readily to a formal classification: "At seventeen demonic through restraint, at twenty-seven Platonic through restraint. The synthesis of the two was a king." Frederick, who essayed to play the philosopher, was, in reality, a collector of vogue "philosophers"—the "proprietor of Voltaire!"

Mr. Ludwig handles his statesmen and politicians rather skilfully; but, when he comes to the problem of Shakespeare, he shows that he is not fitted for the task. The reason for this is evident. Real genius breaks over: it refuses to be confined within logical bounds. And Mr. Ludwig has not read aright the Sonnets. His insinuations concerning Shakespeare's supposititious sexual inversion will not stand any test. One of Mr. Ludwig's countrymen, Gervinus, in the Shakespeare Commentaries, has demonstrated that the bard's affectionate addresses to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, were not more extravagant than the usage of contemporary poets. More recently Mr. Frank Harris has placed beyond debate the question about the "normality" of Shakespeare's erotic tendencies.

ROBERT R. HULL.

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Fame and Physic

The Human Body, by Logan Clendening. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

Some Famous Medical Trials, by Leonard A. Parry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IF YOU can bear to approach the solemnity of science with flippancy, as it seems most of us can nowadays, you may spend a pleasant evening with Dr. Clendening's very Human Body. Even if you are a physician yourself, you may find science herein viewed with a combination of historical reverence and up-to-date pragmatism that will tickle, tease, stimulate and provoke you. Here are man and medicine viewed from the standpoint of one who believes that 80 percent of illness is due to nerves, that annual health examinations are a curse, that what is best for the bowels is not to pester them with cathartics. Here, in short, is a crusader against what he considers the medical fads of the day. This makes for sanity. Even though we cannot follow him in all his ironies, we may laugh with him. He has a pleasant pen. And his title page bears warning to the solemn in Gilbert's genial stanza:

"Fold your flapping wings,
Soaring legislature!
Stoop to little things—
Stoop to human nature!"

But doubtless the author would not be happy were we altogether to agree with his statements. That he believes witches were burned in Salem will, we trust, not too much injure his scientific reputation. He believes that he has no soul, he mocks the efforts of the philosopher and the theologian, he has a light hand at explaining miracles on a purely physical basis, he enjoys a taste of Rabelaisian humor. He is a product of a skeptical age and the "wide-open spaces."

The armor of such men is not invincible and perhaps the doctor has invented a new and pretty paraphrase in his endeavor to be frank.

"Dr. Cabot maintains that the doctor must never tell a lie. He has advocated that every patient should always be told the whole truth, no matter how devastating or tragic it may be. Twenty years ago, when I first heard this doctrine, it made a deep impression on me. The years have brought me, if not wisdom, at least dissent. . . . Dr. Cabot would have us say to a patient: 'You have cancer of the stomach and are going to die,' adding: 'I tell you this frankly because I think the knowledge will strengthen your character.' To be perfectly just to him, his main argument devolves upon the fact that if the physician does not tell a lie, it will have a good effect upon the relatives; that later if a physician tells one of them he is going to live, he will be believed. Still I am not so sure about all this. I am willing to let the future take care of itself. I sometimes believe that deep in his heart Dr. Cabot believes in absolute right and wrong. Myself I am an ethical pragmatist."

Ethical pragmatist is good!

But Dr. Clendening has brought real scientific devotion to his work. He reverences the pioneer in research, especially if an anecdote attaches to his discoveries. He joys in depicting young Auenbrugger taking his first lesson in percussion as he watches his father, the innkeeper, tap his casks to learn how full of wine they are. And Laennec makes a pleasant figure observing the boys at their see-saw board as they suggest the idea of auscultation to his attentive mind.

The range of information in this volume is quite extraordinary. Its aphoristic text does not conceal the fact that Dr. Clendening is a real physician who knows his human race and their ills and who can set forth in words that all may understand many of the woes of humanity in such a way as to make them seem not quite so terrifying.

Dr. Parry, writing in a very different clime, reviews life from a more serious, a more precise, a less engaging angle. He has been at great pains to collect the horrors that the medical profession in England has provided for the law. Indeed, he has even been tempted by one or two peculiarly spicy morsels to cross the Atlantic in one direction and the Channel in another. His volume should be a great directory toward sources of information for the writer of detective stories. But Dr. Parry himself remains judicious, cold. The summaries of cases in the table of contents reveal the untwinkling precision of the author's mind. Thus under the title Dr. Smethurst's Lucky Escape, we read the following: "Dr. and Mrs. Smethurst. The meeting with Miss Bankes. The mock marriage. Illness and death of Miss Bankes. Suspicions of Dr. Julius. Cause of death of Miss Bankes found to be irritant poison. Trial of Dr. Smethurst. Professor Taylor's mistake. Remarkable medical evidence for the defence. Verdict of guilty. Curious procedure of Home Secretary. Sir Benjamin Brodie's report. Pardon of Smethurst. His letter to the Lancet. His action to obtain the property of the woman he had murdered."

Again under the title Dr. Spreull and the Torture, we learn: "Dr. Spreull's connection with the Covenanters. Tortured by order of the Privy Council. Trial for rebellion. Acquittal. Further charge and sentence. The question of the legality of torture in England. Instruments used. Peine forte et dure. The case of Felton. The Master of Orkney. Elizabeth Cellier. Ravillac the parricide brutally tortured in France. Mr. Thomas Picton, Governor of Trinidad and his torture of Luisa Calderon. Lord Coke on torture."

All the naughty doctors are there. We begin with the Abie's Irish Rose of medical philosophy, that hardy perennial, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and down we come all the way to Drs. Cream and Crippen.

The uninitiated, one fancies, would enjoy these recitals alternated with something from O. Henry or with little narratives such as the story of Abdulla and the Eleven Camel Loads of Shaving Soap.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

Votes and the Vatican

The Catholic Church and the Citizen, by John A. Ryan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

THOUGH Dr. Ryan's little book is intended to set forth briefly the Catholic attitude toward the state in general, and does so, those parts of it which deal with the Catholic attitude toward the particular and immediate questions confronting Americans here and now will interest more readers than any general discussions. The author intended that it should be so, for he devotes more care and attention to these practical and immediate matters than to anything else, and even goes into such very practical subjects as, for instance, the Catholic citizen's conduct toward the income tax as that law is construed and enforced. In ninety-one pages he clears up a large amount of misunderstanding, nearly all of it misunderstanding on current topics.

In this presidential campaign, for example, Catholics are confronted continually by the expressed belief that the Church aims to rule the state everywhere, and therefore in this country.

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The ignoramuses who prate about a Vatican plot are not to be argued with; but more intelligent non-Catholics, such as Charles C. Marshall, put their belief on the ground that a church-controlled state is the universal object of the Vatican, as shown by papal utterances. If it is not trying at present to control the state in this country, it is only because it is in the minority and has not the power; and therefore it yields to the inevitable—for the present, that is, until it gets its toe inside the door.

On which point Dr. Ryan demonstrates that the Church does not want union with the state anywhere except in what may be called purely Catholic countries, if there are any. He quotes Father Pohle, "There is good reason to doubt if there still exists a purely Catholic state in the world," specifically excluding from that designation Spain and the South American republics. If there is any purely Catholic state, then in that state, as Pope Leo XIII declared, it is unlawful "to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion." This is a matter of merely academic interest in Argentina or Brazil, and what possible relevancy it can have to the United States is a matter interesting only to the Charles C. Marshalls.

However, it must not be supposed that Dr. Ryan's purpose is merely the negative one of defending the Catholic position where it is attacked. It is also the positive one of explaining that position where it is misunderstood; misunderstood by Catholics as well as others. For instance, he discusses the popular superstition that the way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it, and that until it is repealed (which, presumably, it always will be if it is enforced disagreeably) it should be blindly followed. He points out that the facts of history are all the other way. Naturally, he considers the parrot cries that those who advocate a change in the constitution are "nullifying" that instrument, and that those who advocate any social reforms are enemies of the republic.

He even considers the familiar boast that the boaster votes for the best man, regardless of party. We are all acquainted with the smug virtue with which this kind of boaster expresses his conviction that he is not as one of the benighted. Dr. Ryan reminds him that he may do more harm by voting for "a good man" than if he voted "for one whose moral or intellectual equipment was deficient, but who would support legislative policies which were just."

These few illustrations will show the method and object of Dr. Ryan's book. In this space it is impossible to do more than select. The book, in brief, is clarifying and declarative.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Two Views of Lafayette

Lafayette, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Lafayette, by Joseph Delteil. New York: Minton, Balch and Company.

IT WAS inevitable that biography should succumb to the modern pressure and, as its popular masters would have us believe, aim "to get at the real man." Two current biographies of Lafayette reflect this trend from different angles of approach. Delteil, the Frenchman, goes Strachey—"the father and master of modern biography"—one better, for in his preface he affirms that "to relate the life of an eminent man is not to report facts and actions but to *invent* his soul." The italics are Delteil's. And, true to preface so far as soul goes, his Lafayette is pure invention—irritating, reprehensible—but on the whole not without a certain symbolical charm.

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Midway between the démodé Victorian manner (hero-worship) and the modern (image-breaking) is the Lafayette of Henry Dwight Sedgwick. This well-balanced, smoothly written biography of "a career that is without parallel in the western world" is convincing in facts cited and deductions drawn and not infrequently fascinating as romance. For nowhere in any age, perhaps, survives a character of like picturesque, daring adventure or like consistent, unflinching adhesion to an ideal—"the conviction that liberty resided in certain definite political forms." Lafayette is inseparable in the popular mind from knighthood in flower. His appeal to the imagination is imperishable.

Mr. Sedgwick, after the manner of Emil Ludwig, lets Lafayette live for us through his own words and deeds and the testimony of his contemporaries—friend and foe—the whole held together by description and comment. In this seemingly sane, logical manner, he succeeds happily in making the conqueror of Cornwallis what he really was: "Not a great man but a great-hearted gentleman, a worthy countryman of Jeanne d'Arc." The first chapter, for instance, gives genealogy and boyhood as Lafayette wrote it in response to a woman's request for detail. "At thirteen I was crazy to wear a uniform" is a clarion note of the embryo "father of three revolutions"; as this incident foreshadows the uncompromising individualist: "Once I was bidden to write [Jesuit Collège du Plessis] a composition on a perfect horse who became obedient at the mere sight of his rider's whip. I described a perfect horse as throwing his master off at sight of the whip."

Commending one of his tutors, an abbé, he says: "But I believe that the real education lies in the family sentiment that surrounds the child, and never was a boy better off in this respect than I." Never had boy—we might add—closer touch with meadows, horizons and heavens than Lafayette in the ancestral fortress château of Chavaniac-Lafayette in the heart of the blue-veiled mountains of Auvergne. The mountains permeated his life. Like a motif in opera they ran through its storm and strife. And they are with me as I write, for it was my privilege long before the world war to sleep in the tower room in which Lafayette was born, its one window framing the mountains' eternal blue. His mother's suite and later that of his wife, Adrienne de Noailles, was across a narrow passage from the natal tower chamber. The suite ended in a tiny chapel. Over its wooden altar hung, as in Lafayette's day, three oil paintings: the Crucifixion, the Holy Family and Saint Joseph. Did they hear Madame de Lafayette's heartbroken anguish over General Washington's failure to answer her letters imploring him to liberate his "beloved son" from Olmütz? On which age-worn prie-dieu was she kneeling when there came, through Gouverneur Morris, the first letters from Lafayette beyond the frontier which heartened her to seek his liberation at any cost?

Chavaniac-Lafayette, even in its decay, exhaled the Lafayettes' allegiance to American democracy. It permeated the château, from Old Glory furled in the chimney corner of the grand salon, and the engravings of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Lafayette on the Virginian battlefield, his horse's bridle held by a Southern darky, sandwiched with master portraits of ancestral field marshals; crusaders in armor, Lafayette's young mother, Julie de la Rivière rising jauntily from a cerise bodice, her delicate jeweled hand holding a shepherd's crook; his aunt in blue-ribboned cap; his young father, killed at Minden, brave in cuirass, helmet and lace jabot; court ladies en riguer—to the thousand volumes on American wars flanking the great banquet hall, with marble busts of Washington and

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Franklin and a facsimile of the constitution of the United States with autograph signatures—the banqueting hall where Gouverneur Morris was wont to feast on Mount-Vernon-cured bacon sent by Martha Washington, as a postscript to the General's letters.

Unhappily, Madame de Lafayette burnt at Chavaniac Lafayette's American letters when soldiers at the outbreak of the Revolution invaded Chavaniac and at the point of the bayonet carted her to prison at Brioüde. Had they been buried in the garden they might have been resurrected, as was the sword Congress voted Lafayette, when George Washington Lafayette, the General's son, came back to Chavaniac.

The Sedgwick Lafayette with its admirable index and appendix, is well worth possessing.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

Provincial Banking in England

Our Mr. Dormer, by R. H. Mottram. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

R. H. MOTTRAM is already known, and favorably so, to American readers, through The Spanish Farm trilogy. In both England and America the trilogy was considered one of the finest and by far the most objective of the war novels that appeared in English. The Spanish Farm was essentially the history of an epoch, and Our Mr. Dormer proves to be another history of another epoch. Periods interest Mr. Mottram more than people. The individual, for him, seems to be of most significance as a reflector of the times in which he lives, as a human centre of energy in which influences meet and function, but which very seldom is kindled to personality. In The Spanish Farm trilogy the times and events and influences were colorful enough in themselves to give life to the recording; in Our Mr. Dormer this is unfortunately not the case, and the book tends to impress itself upon the reader as a document rather than as fiction.

Our Mr. Dormer might have as a sub-title A History of Provincial Banking in England. It tells, on the surface, the story of three Mr. Dormers, father, son and grandson, but behind these three tiny figures looms the vast, shadowy form of a business whose life span is that of the three men. Mr. Dormer, *the* Mr. Dormer, is head clerk in the firm of Doughty, Bankers, in the time of Napoleon. He is a quiet, loyal, unimaginative clerk, seeing himself only as a part of Doughty. Entirely pacific in his private life, he is yet capable of killing a highwayman who attempts to steal bank funds. His life belongs to the bank, and his happiness lies in this fact. But Our Mr. Dormer has a son. This son, Stephen Dormer, has much of his father in him, but he has also a romantic streak that brings love to him as an integral part of life. Stephen spans "the age of gentility." The rugged peasant qualities still present in the first Mr. Dormer rather drop out of sight during Stephen's reign, and a softer code creeps in, modifying the old Quaker strictness. Stephen's life belongs to the bank and his home. But he, too, has a son. Doughty Dormer, the third of the Dormer line, is the product of "the age of prosperity." The qualities of his father and grandfather have died out in him; he is crude and boastful and unpleasant. His own success comes before that of the bank, his methods are not above reproach, but nevertheless under him the bank flourishes and reaches its height. When economic conditions change after the war, individual banking is sucked into the maelstrom of big business, and Dormers and Doughtys are no longer needed in the scheme of things.

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Mr. Mottram himself belongs to an old family of English provincial bankers, and his picture of the life of his bankers in Our Mr. Dormer has a mellowness that comes from thrice-told tales about a hearth. The austerity of the life of the first Mr. Dormer, the grace and warmth of that of the second and the florid emptiness surrounding the third, all merge into a whole that becomes an intimate history of a century. The effect Mr. Mottram attains is cumulative through the adding of careful detail to careful detail and of careful sentence to careful sentence. The craft of writing appeals to him, and if his sentences seldom leap into beauty they never sink to mediocrity. Our Mr. Dormer is a painting of a period, and the people remain within their frame, authentic but motionless.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

The Passing of Genji

Blue Trousers, by Lady Murasaki; translated by Arthur Waley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THIS is the fourth volume of translations made of the manuscripts of the Lady Murasaki Shi-Kibu, a daughter of Fujiwara Tametoki who married at an early age Nobutaka. She spent years in the court society of Japan, being a Maid of Honor to the Empress Jōto, the wife of the Emperor Ichijo-Tenno, who reigned from 987 to 1011 A. D. At an early age she was found to be possessed of a retentive memory and an unusual facility in writing poetry. She was the author of two volumes, one of which, known as Genji Monogatori, has fifty-four chapters of which the first forty deal with the life of Genji. The last thirteen are concerned with the life of Prince Kaoru, while chapter XLI was never written. It should have given to the world some account of the death and burial of Prince Genji, but it is generally stated by Japanese littérateurs that nothing exists except the mere title page and its heading.

Mr. Waley has said that the plan he had laid out for his work of translation would necessitate six volumes, with a seventh in which he had planned to discuss the "Murasaki Shikibu Nikki," the diary of the authoress; in this last there would be given certain details of the period in which this fascinating character lived.

The title of this fourth volume, Blue Trousers, is chosen to indicate that the period of mourning by Tama-Katsura, a daughter of To-No-Chujo and Yugao, was at an end. This young girl's father was the brother-in-law and intimate friend of Prince Genji; she had been brought up in the palace of that Prince. The volume with vivid sympathy narrates the estrangements of these two brothers-in-law, their reconciliation and the marriages of their sons and daughters, all of which seem like the careful planning by a skilled author leading up to the final scenes of the life and happiness of Genji and Murasaki; unfolding the gradual indications of the increasing ill-health of Genji's second wife; his growing alarm often modified by periods of hope, concerning the failing strength of his wife; then the graceful setting of the final scene of which Murasaki had so often spoken as the fading of "a dewdrop from the grass." So Murasaki passed. Genji, the Genji of strength, vitality and vivacity slips slowly into solitude. He leaves everything to his son by his first wife Aoi, the sister of To-No-Chujo, gradually forming the resolution to pass his last days within a Buddhist monastery. The picture is drawn of him sitting in solitude, by the open sliding panel door of his room, continually passing his beads through his fingers as his perpetual prayer to Amida—Amida-Buddha escapes from his lips. As each

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anniversary or festival came round, he was less and less his old self, but he aroused himself for the New Year ceremonies, ordering that these be performed with more than usual splendor and that officials and princes receive rarer and richer gifts; though his mind was on the cuckoo and its song; the cuckoo which in Japanese folk lore is the headman of the Hill of Death. So passed Genji, the lover, the accomplished courtier, but none the less the diplomatic administrator.

Again Mr. Waley translates with fascinating smoothness, his phrases are calm yet beveled to perfection, portraying that unique quality of feeling belonging to those whose personal insight, though tempered with sympathy, is illuminated by a rich experience of the joys and the sorrows of existence.

BOYD CARPENTER.

A Dogmatic Liberal

Beliefs That Matter, by William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

IN THE midst of so much of the "it-doesn't-matter-what-you-believe" attitude of the present day, it is refreshing to have one of the leaders of the more liberal Protestant school come forward boldly to entitle a book Beliefs That Matter and to contend valiantly that they do matter. Dr. Brown takes up the cudgels to prove that theology, the systematic statement of belief, is essential because "it helps us to define the beliefs which make a difference for life." He leads his reader through a carefully prepared argument as to the necessity for belief, for a creed, in order to secure for him the proper orientation toward the central figure of Christian belief, Jesus Christ. The kingdom of God, he insists, "is the new social order which will be introduced when God's will is done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Unlike too many moderns, Dr. Brown is very insistent upon the Cross as a true atonement. "In the Cross we see God sharing the cost of sin that He may win His human children to repentance," he tells us, and all through his chapter on Christ and the Cross he reiterates a wholly orthodox, if often modernly expressed doctrine.

Naturally in his conception of the Church and the sacraments he does not go the whole way with Catholic belief, though he outlines it sympathetically and, on the whole, accurately.

With reference to the place of the Scriptures and the value of the Bible he tells us that "it is not a system of doctrine giving us our creed in final form. It is not a code of laws defining the niceties of conduct. It is not a collection of rules for the cultivation of personal piety. It is the book which shows us how men's ideals have been slowly purified and their standards elevated under the guidance of God's Spirit until they have found their most complete and perfect expression in the character of Jesus Christ." And while he does fall into the error of saying that Luther "and his successors broke the chains by which the Church had kept the Bible from the people," he seems to have a very good idea of what its rightful place in Christian belief is.

On the whole this work is a valuable contribution to belief in something definite and will doubtless be of service in helping souls who are floundering in the morass of non-dogmatism to gain some solid ground. It may even serve to show some that more is necessary than Dr. Brown himself would admit and thus to lead them into that Church which was founded, as he rightly says, "to create a vehicle for the impartation of . . . grace which would be independent of human limitations."

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Briefer Mention

In the City of God, by Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P. Washington: Apostolic Mission House.

THE orator that is strong in Father Thomas Burke is heard in many inspired lines of the poems that make up his book In the City of God. The spiritual call, the sacred liturgy and traditions, an excellent taste and a flaming desire for souls, speak out of these verses with a very telling effect. The tone of the poet is not too fine for the man in the market place, nor too raucous for the most sensitive ear. There are traces of the old balladry of Ireland and England, and a breadth of Americanism which is sensed in the following lines on The Southern Cross:

"Fair symbol of the Holy Rood,
A form of light for a form of wood:
One star in the place of the wearied head,
And one to show when the feet have bled,
And one, resplendent on either side,
For the wounded hands extended wide.
Fair symbol of the Holy Rood,
A form of light for a form of wood,
Thou tellest how the angels see
The Cross that rose on Calvary."

Dialogo de la Vida de los Pajes de Palacio, by Diego de Hermosilla; edited by Donald Mackenzie. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.00.

THE Dialogue of the Life of the Pages of the Palace, a moralistic work of Don Diego de Hermosilla, chaplain to the Emperor Carlos V, has been printed from the manuscript in the Royal Academy of Madrid, dated 1543. It gives a sad picture of the conditions of the young boys and youths sent out by their parents to serve in the houses of the great: the meagreness of their food, their scanty wardrobe and the unsanitary conditions of sleeping below-stairs. The pride of the masters exacted good family blood in their servants but there were few pieces of meat left in the pot when the nobles and stewards had finished their own dinners, meagre enough as these were on ordinary days: fresh linen for beddings and new liveries for the pages' service were not too frequent: in fact, the picture given by Don Diego de Hermosilla, while redolent with a sort of devotional incense, is nothing more than a history of fact of the same character as those described in Lazarillo de Tormes, and the various other masterpieces of picaresque literature.

A Concise Dictionary of Irish Biography, by John S. Crone. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $3.50.

THOSE who have ever worked over the biographies of the great, vanished or unvanished, figures in literature, art or public affairs, will hail this Concise Dictionary, with the authority of a member of the Royal Irish Academy behind it. It is fifty years since any similar work has issued from the press and intervening events in Ireland have created a host of new notables about whom authoritative data will be welcomed to our reference shelves. Dr. Crone's work has been performed with great care and discretion; the primitive great ones of Erin have been discriminatingly selected and are generally recognized; the more modern entries are careful in tabulation and presented in a form which will be found extremely useful for the worker in Irish fields.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The weather, my dear Hereticus, is rather warm and the suggestion of trichinosis under the revolving fly-wheels of our restaurants makes our discussion of The Individuality of the Pig appear a trifle untimely. How much of this may be due to our civilized notions of neatness, aseptic preconceptions and perforated manners of summer life, I cannot say, but if we can put ourselves in the pig's 'dolce far niente,' wallowing in his lukewarm mudbath amid a glorious assembly of buzzing flies, we may realize that from his point of view or sensuous experience the season may be regarded both as healthy and enjoyable.

"Our human sensations regarding Brother Porker, our pleasurability in him, remains entirely human and selfish. In life and in death he presents two entirely different phases, and most people prefer him after his departure from life has removed traces of personality that they find to be generally unpleasant.

"Tradition has something to do with this and the Hebrew is responsible for some of it. The classification of the pig as unclean comes from oriental lands where his presence may have betokened a centre of infection and squalor that was too much for races not in themselves noted for meticulous proprieties. The New Testament carried on this ancient argument and in the evil spirit of the swine we may trace the hefty boars and porcine monsters that served the witches and necromancers for their outings on Walpurgis or Midsummer evenings.

"An evil reputation is, indeed, hard to live down, my dear Hereticus, and in spite of good Saint Anthony in the desert with companion pig and bell, in spite of the snowy little shoats so like blonde babies, brought into the world for a life of scorn and a death of appreciation, the curse is on them, as on the Lady of Shalott. It cannot be a matter of face or form, either; for how many of us can recall the rage for pug-dogs and still discover the fashion for bull-terriers—useless creatures that we cannot eat when they grow up! The dear old English duchesses did their best when they scrubbed, powdered and rouged the baby porkers and took them with them to the routs and balls of the eighteenth century. Perhaps their infantile grunts disturbed the fine conversation of those drawing-rooms. Today it does not seem that their expressions of swinish delight would interfere with many brilliant sallies or break in upon many sublime Macaulayan phrases.

"What can there be reprehensible in the lives of creatures who are so appreciated in their death? Unlike Caesar, their good it not oft interred with their bones, for in that simple act of transition—of passing over, as our pietistic purists would say—there comes a transmogrification, a triumphant assertion of their virtues, so that they are sagely declared by authorities beyond question to be good from snout to tail. Of how many of us will this be said? Head, knuckles, feet and little curled appendage—all, all of you have been my fortification, sustenance and delight.

"Memory takes me back to boyhood's days on the farm. The crisp winds whistling through the rooftree, the nuts drop-drop on the eaves and the great platter of pork chops, served with hot apple sauce, fresh cider and the flashing sunset disk of the pumpkin pie. O vanished savors! He who steals my purse steals trash: but he who robs me of my appetite, leaves me poor indeed!"

"Not quite exact, Doctor," murmured Hereticus, "but go on. These early sylvan pictures are my favorite vignettes in

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your daily discourse. I understand your emotion—but you were considering the pig—"

"'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' was never said more truly of anybody than of the departed porker. Hereticus, I came to love him early at Christmas time when they place the lemon —O bitter fruit—between his jaws. He is then sprinkled with sugar and spices that would intoxicate the most ambitious Egyptian embalmer. The white sugar rosette—the glazed lacquer of his skin! Nothing from the tombs of Tut-ankh-Amen or his kindred has ever compared with him in his Christmas catafalque. Shall I proceed with his glorious débâcle? The white chops frigidly spread on the cold potato salad, awaiting the fire of English sauce—the 'salsa inglese' that heralds the advent of Great Britain across the southern seas! Shall I delay over the knuckles and the tremulous hooflets making their last steps in a welter of cold slaw and pickled cabbages? Shall I speak, even with a sort of blush, of the succulence of the fried tail amid the barnyard fruitage scrambled or poached by some dusky-handed Afro-American?

"It is to you, O pig! O idyllic swine! O swell hog! O curvilinear porker! that we owe these matchless memories of delight. Your sty may be arranged behind the barn, where the wind blows into the valley, but let me sit upon my breezy veranda and study your individuality as displayed in the sapient pages of Robert Morrison, specialist in breeding, feeding and management. In his preface he tells us that: 'having handled, and studied the hog and its ways for many years and in different climes, I make no apology for my choice of name, for the pig, to those who are initiated, has an individuality of its own and responds quicker in return and profits when you treat it from this point of view.'

"He thanks the breed societies of Great Britain, northern Ireland and the United States for the great mass of material gathered together in the publication of E. P. Dutton and Company who have published and printed in America this first edition of a work to guide, cheer and encourage all who desire to see the hog and the sow take their proper place in the appreciation of those whose social caste may now be measured by their phrase 'A hog is a hog and that's all.'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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